

Sports Illustrated

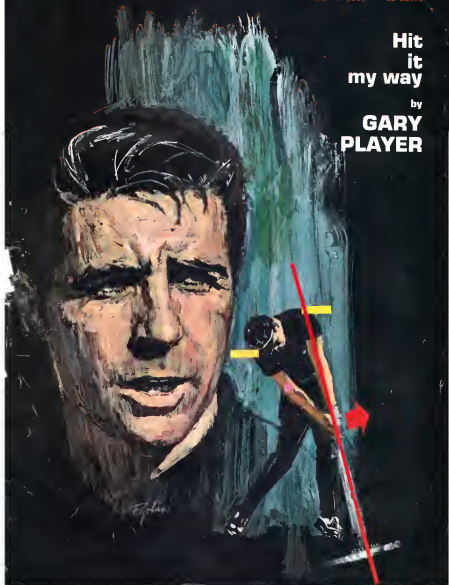
MARCH 21, 1988

85 CENTS

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it
my way**

by

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PLAYER**



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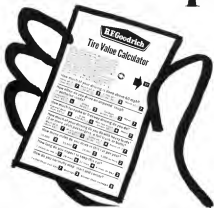


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The straight-talk
tire people. **B.F. Goodrich**

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Next week

AN INVASION OF VERMONT by Fréchet, Ausimien, Swiss and Canadian skiers will make the national Alpine championships the biggest U.S. international ski event since Squaw Valley.

THE WOMBOUT that nobody wanted and few will see is previewed by Tex Maule. Despite its murky beginnings, the Clay-Chivello title bout could produce some interesting surprises.

A FLAMING NIGHTMARE ends a peaceful journey in Mexico along the Usumacinta River. From his charred notes and blurred memories Coles Pinsky reconstructs the story.

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

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It took only a part of a second to snap the photographs that appear on pages 27 and 28 of this issue, and a few hours to write the words that describe the moment our cameras were awaiting. Yet, because only once in the history of hockey would Bobby Hull shoot the shot that scored the goal that shattered Maurice Richard's long-standing record of 50 goals in a single season, that moment was as big as a sporting lifetime.

Already Hull is going on to score more goals and is setting new records that will, in turn, be broken, but no other goal will ever again just beat No. 50. That figure had a comforting roundness and a durability that made it one of sport's magic marks, along with the four-minute mile and Babe Ruth's 60. And when marks such as those fall, this magazine likes to be around.

Although our first issue appeared three months too late to record the exorcism of the magic number four in the mile run, our original lead story reported the subsequent clash of the world's first two sub-four-minute milers, Roger Bannister and John Landy. For weeks in 1961, before Roger Mars equaled and then surpassed Ruth's magic 60, our writers and photographers had been dogging the Yankee baseball team around every inch of the American League, waiting and watching for the instant when the most respected record in all sport would become a memory (below).

We were there in the person of Photographer Charles Traenor in the sum-

mer of 1963, when Pole Vaulter John Pennel hung tantalizingly in midair just long enough for a shutter to snap, then flipped himself clear of a flimsy cross-bar in Miami to become the first man to vault over 17 feet. We were there in the Los Angeles Coliseum that June night in 1956 when Charlie Dumas became the first high-jumper to exceed seven feet. And we were there, more by accident than design, when another record was set on the golf course.

Associate Editor Dan Jenkins, now one of our best-known writers, was free-lancing for us back in 1962 when he watched a young Houston collegian named Homero Blancas play in the Premier Invitational tournament for amateurs at Longview, Texas. The day ended with a fantastic 15-under-par round for Homero and a fine story for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED about the first golfer ever to shoot 55 in tournament competition—a number that certainly merited the "magic" label.

Ever since Bobby Hull scored No. 46 last month we have been trailing him like a suspicious house dick. With notebooks open and suitcases permanently packed, Senior Editor Martin Kane, Reporter Gary Ronberg and four photographers have been hopping on and off planes bound for every city in which the Black Hawks were due to appear. At each game, the photographers set up their lights and cocked their cameras in anticipation of the big moment—only to tear them down again at the game's end.

Then last Saturday in Chicago, at exactly 5:34 of the third period, the red light winked behind the visiting New York Ranger goal, and in one brief instant—too quick, really, for the eye or the mind to comprehend—an old magic number was erased and a historic moment of sport had passed.

It was a night of exaltation for Bobby Hull—and also for our weary but triumphant words-and-pictures team.

Nº 60...



Gary Vail

FOOTLOOSE

New Orleans—a mixture of the old and the new and all that Dixie jazz

New Orleans, a city with a history dating from 1718, is divided between those who want to cherish the distinguished past and those eager to profit by an exuberant future. Men willing to gamble on growth are pouring hundreds of millions of dollars into huge new office buildings, big hotels, vast housing developments and superhighways. Some natives are contemplating ambitious new sports facilities.

Older heads are shaken, and owners of inherited wealth mutter that every bubble, like John Law's Mississippi Bubble, a Louisiana financial scheme that rocked 18th-century France, will burst. Capital for new ventures has been flowing into New Orleans from Dallas, New York and Memphis. Local capital is not quite so daring as that of the new carpetbaggers, who favor jet luggage.

New Orleans is both old and juvenile. Loaded down with tradition, many of the natives and most of the visitors think they are young if they stay up all night. The climate, the historic background, the great natural advantages for fishing and hunting, sailing and swimming, and the man-made facilities for football, horse racing, tennis and golf make New Orleans potentially what Louisiana automobile license plates proudly proclaim, SPORTSMAN'S PARADISE.

The pursuit of pleasure in New Orleans is somewhat frenzied, especially along shoddy, lurid Bourbon Street, with its honky-tonk sex dives and Dixieland jazz joints. Grown, if not always matured, men seek in New Orleans what they cannot or dare not try to find at home: wase, women and Opium Rockefeller. There are aspects of New Orleans more European than those of any other American city, the exultation of Sybarites, perhaps, from the early mélange of peoples: Indians, Spaniards, Frenchmen, Germans, Englishmen and Irishmen. These met and mixed—breeding, brawling, gambling and dancing. African slaves and their descendants had an impact more genial than savage. Particularly absent are vestiges of either New England Protestant or Irish-Catholic Puritanism. Jews have been prominent and welcome. The racial result is a veritable gumbo. There is a compact sophistication in New Orleans that wisely does not attempt to ape Paris, New York or San Francisco, but is content with its own aroma.

New Orleans today has an estimated population of 663,850 in the main city and 1,053,900 in the metropolitan area. One third of the people is Negro and 40% is Catholic. This cosmopolitan million inhabit one of the largest tracts of any city in the U.S.: 2,677.5 square miles, but a considerable part of that is marsh land or water.

The residents and the visitors they so cordially receive spend a lot of time outdoors. New Orleans is a city where you can go after a deer or catch a tarpon within the city limits. Golf is played year-round, with good courses 10 minutes by car from the heart of town. The city boasts two of the largest and most beautifully cared for parks in the world, City Park with 1,500 acres and Audubon Park, smaller but just as attractive, on a former plantation. John James Audubon during his stay in New Orleans sketched some of the wildlife he included in his famous book, *Birds of America*. City Park has three golf courses, 33 tennis courts and 25 baseball diamonds, lagoons and lakes where people boat and fish. The city's leading art museum, the Delgado, is located in City Park. Magnificent oaks overarch the broad driveways. The parks and other playgrounds have swimming pools, currently dry, because two years ago, anticipating a court order commanding integration, officials closed the pools, a hardship for whites and blacks alike in the fierce, humid summers.

Although there are savage segregationists who have caused trouble from time to time, many New Orleans whites seem to live amicably alongside New Orleans Negroes, in closer proximity than in any other southern or northern city, for there was never from early times a strictly Negro quarter. But some white folks, willing to ride buses and eat in cafeterias with Negroes, seem to think that the water will change their color, making them, too, underprivileged. Golf courses, tennis courts and baseball fields are fully integrated with no resulting difficulty. NORD (New Orleans Recreation Department, a branch of the city government) has integrated programs for boys and girls from 9 to 20 years old, ranging from archery to softball, with many supervised playgrounds and gymnasiums, a total of 148 facilities. Art, ballet, music and opera programs are arranged. NORD officials are confident that before too many more hot summers its many swimming pools as well as those in the parks will be open again and integrated.

Old is a favored word for sports organizations. One is assured that the New Orleans Lawn Tennis Club is the oldest in the U.S.; the New Orleans Southern Yacht Club second in age only to New York's, and that Fair Grounds racetrack, in the midst of the city, is fourth oldest.

Fishing is almost as popular in New Orleans as gambling. Deep-sea, bayou and lake fishing are available. Offshore rigs, which account for much of Louisiana's recent prosperity, have produced as a by-product plentiful fishing because the reefs the rigs create attract pompano and other fish in search of minnows, fingerlings and marine growth. Pompano, rare until the rigs were built, are still rare enough to be sold by fishermen to restaurants for \$1.50 a pound. In addition to pompano, fishermen bring in marlin, tarpon, king mackerel and

continued

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FOOTLOOSE

fish, trout, varieties of bass and many other kinds of fish.

Antoine's, the oldest continuous gourmet restaurant in town, was founded in 1840 in the quaint French Quarter—where antique shops are bumper in bumper. Antoine's, Arnaud's, Galatoire's, Brennan's, Bronzard's, Manale's, Masson's and Commander's Palace are the main restaurants, serving better food than is available in most other cities today.

New Orleans is not now as big a spectator sports town—except for horse racing—as it once was. There is a midwinter Carnival of Sports during the week from Christmas to New Year's, culminating in the 32-year-old annual Sugar Bowl football game. During that week there are also tennis, basketball and track championships as well as yacht racing. One of the biggest local events is the \$100,000 Greater New Orleans Open golf tournament each May.

New Orleans is avid to obtain a National Football League franchise. Both Governor John J. McKeithen and Mayor Victor Hugo Schiro are promising the NFL a \$30-million domed stadium to house football.

Local pride is hurt when outsiders downgrade New Orleans athletic prowess, but local critics with their fellow citizens were more generous in their patronage and less defensive. People spend so much time and money in fishing, hunting, sailing, bowling, golf and, above all, on the razzle-dazzle of Mardi Gras each Shrove Tuesday and the innumerable carnival balls and parades preceding and accompanying it that they have little energy or resources left for full support of spectator sports, according to some impartial natives. Some sportswriters and other enthusiasts feel that New Orleans has a legacy of losers—especially Tulane's football teams—and that poor quality makes for public lethargy.

In the past New Orleans was a big fight town, the scene of Corbett's defeat of John L. Sullivan in 1892 and other great events, but with the decline of prizefighting nationally it has become negligible locally. The local minor league baseball team, the Pelicans, once well supported, died when television and major-league expansion developed.

But there is general enthusiasm for their town among natives, who seldom migrate. Perhaps it is because of the money that is flowing in from petroleum, natural gas, chemicals, a missile site and the busy port, second only in volume of trade to New York's.

Despite busy construction of tall chromium-and-glass palaces of business and government, New Orleans respects its French, Spanish and Greek Revival architecture. It has much to offer tourists seeking a change from the drab, especially if they are interested not only in hoopla but in sports and recreation.

—M. R. WICKER

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BOOKTALK

Pretty posies will never sweeten the smell of our many polluted lakes and rivers

With the past few years there has been a great rise in public concern over the destruction of the American environment, and the word conservation, popular in Theodore Roosevelt's time, is again in wide use. Unfortunately, what we have had lately is cosmetics conservation, in which we are adjured to put fences around junkyards, plant flowers along turnpikes and pick up picnic papers. But the problems run far deeper than such superficialities as "natural beauty," however well-intentioned. This point is made horrifyingly clear in a new book on water pollution that calls for an end to the Effluent Society.

Disaster by Default: Pollutes and Water Pollution (Evans, \$4.95) by Frank Graham Jr. is the work of a professional journalist who is obviously outraged and intent on shocking the public into action before the country chokes to death on sewage and industrial wastes. Graham does not have to reach to make his points; he only has to cite specific case histories to make the reader gag. Lake Erie is dying, if not dead. The rest of the Great Lakes, the largest single supply of fresh water in the world, are in grave danger. The Chicago health commissioner says the waters of Lake Michigan carry "the threat of outbreaks of infectious hepatitis, typhoid fever, salmonellosis [a severe intestinal infection], and possibly polio myelitis." With all our major river systems polluted, it is no longer a question of fish killed—however jarring to the angered sportsman—but human life endangered. Often the pollution is shockingly visible in gross form. People downstream from the slaughter houses of Omaha on the great wide Missouri have to pick grease and animal hairs from their water-supply filters. In Raritan Bay off New York harbor, oysters "as fat as butter" gorge themselves on human wastes. "We live amid sewers," Graham says, and he is right. So far, the polluters and politicians have been largely indifferent. If one hero emerges from this documented account of carnage, he is William E. Guckert, a Pennsylvania trout fisherman who got sick of seeing streams destroyed by fast-buck strip miners. Organizing sportsmen, Guckert riled hell and elected state legislators who would meet the problem. When Richardson Dilworth, the Democratic candidate for governor in 1962, dillydallied, the sportsmen backed William Scranton, who promised needed legislation. That legislation, now passed, will be enforced, for Guckert is on the Land Reclamation Board set up by the governor.

—ROBERT H. BOYLE



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SCORECARD

MR. FITZ

Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons died last week without ever having disclosed which of his champions he considered the best. There was no doubt, however, about which race he wanted most to win. It was the Nashua-Swaps match race of 1955 and, of course, Fitzsimmons' Nashua was the winner. Writing of the race in this magazine, Sunny Jim spoke of Rex Ellsworth and Meshach Tenney, the owner and trainer of Swaps, as "two of the nicest fellows I ever met."

A year later Swaps suffered a leg injury, and were it not for a special sling-harness contraption sent to Ellsworth and Tenney by Sunny Jim—one of the nicest fellows we've ever met—Swaps might have died. "I would have done it for any horse in the world," he said.

THE BIG SHRINK

Down through history there have been costlier lines than Cassius Clay's "I don't have nothin' against those Viet Congs." It doesn't rank with Marie Antoinette's crack about cake, for example, but if Clay wanted to separate himself from good, crisp greenbacks, he was not doing half bad. As the heavy-weight championship fight sagged out of Chicago and across the border to Toronto, with Canada's George Chuvalo replacing the disenchanted Ernie Terrell as Clay's opponent, the man best fixed to calculate the losses was Michael N. Malitz, Malitz, a Princeton man and former Navy lieutenant, is executive vice-president of Main Bout, Inc., the TV closed-circuit company stitched together to handle the Chicago action and the inheritance of the scraps that remain.

Malitz sat in his handsome suite of midtown Manhattan offices last week lighting up six packs of cigarettes a day and hearing nothing but bad news. So many theaters that were to show the fight had canceled by the week's end that Malitz was estimating Clay's maximum purse at no more than \$150,000. That is approximately \$600,000 less than

Clay stood to take home from Chicago before he opened his mouth. Clay's take may dwindle to \$75,000 or so—chicken feed for a heavyweight champ in a title bout—if Malitz cannot hold onto a nucleus of some 75 closed-circuit outlets.

WYNKEN, BLYNKEN—AND OUT

Umpires involved in rhubarbs with managers and players in this season's baseball games are due for some rare abuse, we suspect, in view of testimony heard last week in the antitrust suit brought by the State of Wisconsin against the Braves. Earl Jinkenson, the Braves' lawyer, accused Oliver E. Kuechle, *Milwaukee Journal* sports editor, of pretty rough talk in his column. He was especially pained by a reference to Warren Giles as a cherub and to Ford Frick, Joe Cronin and Giles as Wynken, Blynken and Nod. Kuechle defended his allusions ably, but puzzling problems of interpretation remain. "What did you call me?" some umpire may ask, say, Leo Durocher. "A cherub," Leo might answer. "That's a sort of angel without wings." Here is where the umpire must be on his literary toes: "Not in the Book of Ezekiel," he should fire back. "In the Book of Ezekiel a cherub is a beast with four heads. We can't have talk like that around here. Take a walk." Or if, in a fit of pique, Eddie Stanky should say, "What do you mean, he's out? You're worse than Wynken, Blynken and Nod. No offense, of course. They're three delightful nursery-rhyme characters." Umpire: "Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes, / And Nod is a little head." You can't tell me I'm falling asleep. Out."

FIFTY-ONE

The Black Hawks' Bobby Hull has his record-breaking 51st goal (page 26), and an avalanche of mementos is sliding down upon him—everything from a hockey stick embedded with 51 jewels to the shirt off Dick Butkus' back (Butkus wears No. 51 for the Chicago Bears), to a 51-year subscription to a girl-

ie magazine (taking Hull up to age 78).

Other gifts are: 51 car washes, 51 litter bags for Hull's cattle ranch, 51 bottles of cleaning fluid, 51 candy bars, a 51-day subscription to the *Chicago Tribune*, 51 tubes of suntan oil, 51 jars of pickles, 51 Bavarian steins and 51 floor mops.

It is a good thing that Hull also receives 51 days of free storage in a Chicago warehouse.

BOWLING AT BIG CREEK

Big Creek may be the only grammar school in the country with its own built-in bowling alley. Located in California's High Sierra, where snow is measured in feet and yards, Big Creek suffers a recreational problem: from November through April outdoor activity is limited to skis and snowshoes. That's why the bowling alley was installed. Under the tutelage of Mrs. Ferne Putnam, school librarian, music teacher and bowling pro, Big Creek's pupils are making good progress. Fourth-graders have a 20-pin average; eighth-graders roll an average of 120.

INSTANT HOUSE

Roughing it gets smoother by the minute. The Ontario Research Foundation has developed what it calls a "foam-in-



place shelter"—a sort of instant house. Sandwich-shaped, it can be carried on one's back like a bedroll. It weighs only a few pounds, and when you want to use it you simply light a match to one of its corners. This constructive arson causes the materials in the pack—principally epoxy resin in a powdered form—to foam up, and a house rises in front of you. Doors and windows are then cut into the material with a knife. The pilot

project at the Foundation made the houses in the shapes of igloos and Quonset huts, since the experimental shelters were for the Canadian and U.S. military. But any shape is feasible, and eventual production by private firms will make the instant house available to sportsmen who might find it convenient on fishing or hunting trips. It weighs no more foamed up than it does in the pack form and can be moved from place to place. Don't forget the matches, though, or you might have to sleep out.

MEN TO REMEMBER

Jack Twyman of the Cincinnati Royals announced his retirement the other day after 11 years of professional basketball. It is always sad when a fine athlete finds he is too old to give his best to his sport, and it is especially so in Twyman's case.

Ever since his teammate, Maurice Stokes, suffered brain damage in March 1958, which caused almost total paralysis, Twyman has been his constant companion, encouraging and urging him along the painful course of rehabilitation. Singlehandedly, he has raised the thousands of dollars required to keep Stokes under special care at Good Samaritan Hospital in Cincinnati.

Now Twyman worries that, because of his retirement, people will forget Maurice Stokes and his continuing need for funds. "The most important thing," Twyman says, "is that I will be giving up the contacts that help keep Maurice's name in front of the public. As a player, I had appearances on radio and television and stories in the newspapers. I won't have those anymore."

We don't believe people will forget Maurice Stokes. Or Jack Twyman, either.

WINKLES AWAY! TALLYHO!

Every spring the Old Surrey and Burstow Hunt stages a meet on the 700 acres of the Convent of the Sacred Heart in Woldingham, England, and the fixture is anticipated with high excitement by staff and pupils alike.

First of all there's a stirrup cup of sherry in the library, and then the Hunt moves off to a rousing horn. Not the least enthusiastic of the followers are some of the 70 nuns who, with coifs fluttering in the breeze, tuck up their habits and scamper across plow and pasture behind all those pink-coated men.

Jolly good exercise, anyway, and a nice break from the daily routine. But

continued



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SCORECARD *continued*

this month the meet produced a very special event.

"It was a delightful day," said Mother Shanley, deputy headmistress of the convent school. "We actually made a kill in the convent grounds." Such a thing hasn't happened within living memory.

AFTER KELSO

Now that Kelso has been retired \$22,104 short of \$2 million in earnings, you may be wondering whether another contemporary Thoroughbred has a chance to become a double millionaire. Well, the gelding Roman Brother, seventh on the earnings list with \$943,473, can do it, if he can return to his 1965 form and retain it for another season or two. Time may be running out on other older horses high on the list, such as Hill Rise and Native Diver. The horse with the best money start in years is the Kentucky Derby favorite, Buckpasser, who has already amassed \$677,516 and could pass the million mark before summer. If Buckpasser proves to be as good as his people think he is, he is likely to be retired to stud after his 4-year-old season next year. Even so, with the inflated purses of these times he might well come within half a million dollars of Kelso's record earnings by then—in just three seasons. Kelso raced for eight.

HORSE CLOTHES

Increasingly annoyed by riders who turn up in the ring looking like Easter eggs, the American Horse Shows Association is getting tough. In a forthcoming rules book, the AHSA will bar all but traditional attire in equitation classes. Its officers hope that this move will hasten the demise of novelty apparel in other divisions. We share that hope. We would not care to see Mickey Mantle play baseball in anything but the customary Yankee pinstripe—the uniform is part of the man by now—and we think silks, brocades, sequins, far-out plaids and fancy hues are out of place in the horse show ring.

THEY SAID IT

• Casey Stengel, after sizing up the Mets' best pitcher in spring training camp: "Best thing wrong with Jack Fisher is nothing."

• John Denham Bernreuter, veteran Florida Keys fisherman, chided by friends for using heavy tackle: "No fish ever gave me an even break." **END**

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The Redcoats are coming! Again? Again.



Reach for your camera and shoot!

This is pure colour, pageantry, the kind of thing you can't see at home. (This is Changing the Guard on Ottawa's Parliament Hill, by the Regiment of Canadian Guards.) We're willing to bet you thought this sort of thing only went on at London's Buckingham Palace.

Well, it goes on just north of the border, too... every single summer day. And you don't need a visa or passport to see it! Clip this coupon for free maps and booklets about our exciting (red-coated and otherwise) events in Canada this summer.

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See your travel agent or golf pro today for Arnie's Round-The-World Course entry kit. It contains scorecards from courses in Hong Kong, Scotland, Australia, Japan—all the fabulous round-the-world courses that Arnie likes best. And you'll get clues to help you select the holes, too. For instance, Arnie's favorite 9th hole has a tree that really gummed up one of his shots. From the scorecards and the clues, you select which 1st hole is Arnie's favorite starting hole, which 2nd hole Arnie likes best; until you've selected the 18 which you think are Arnie's favorites. If you're one of the three winners who match Arnie's Round-The-World Course, you'll see the Australian Open and Qunlop International and play 2 rounds of golf in Australia with Arnie. And you'll fly there on Arnie's favorite Round-The-World golf cart, Qantas, Australia's Round-The-World Airline. But hurry, contest ends May 1, 1966.

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We'll do better than that. We'll give you two great excuses to trade in your movie camera for a new Bell & Howell Super 8.

First, your old camera is old fashioned. Sorry about that, but the big switch today is to the new Super 8 system. The film comes in this little cartridge from Kodak. Which means you now load in 3 seconds flat, merely by dropping the cartridge into the camera. No threading. No flipping. In fact, you never even touch the film.

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Second reason—you'll get movies like you could never get before, because Bell & Howell makes the most of the exciting new Super 8 system.

You see, we have a tradition of making cameras that are precision instruments.

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To get precise, exactly-right exposures—you do nothing. The exclusive Bell & Howell Optronic Eye does it for you. It's an exposure control system located behind the lens,

right where the light strikes the film. So, no more pictures of your wife in the shade of the old apple tree where the leaves are great but she's barely recognizable. Now when you zoom in on a person in the shadows, the change in lighting is noted and adjusted for right at the film plane, and your movies come back perfectly exposed all the way through.

We do other things few other people take the trouble to do. For instance, we use 24 karat gold wherever we need it for better electrical conductivity. Our iris has a jeweled movement, just like a fine watch. One out of every ten people on our assembly line is a heartless inspector. To see them work, you'd think they were on your payroll instead of ours.

If you get the impression that we're determined to give you the world's finest Super 8 movies, you're right. But then, what else would you expect of Bell & Howell?



This Super 8 cartridge drops in the Bell & Howell camera for push-button movies Super 8 film with its 50% larger picture area can only be used in Super 8 Cameras and Projectors



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NOW THERE ARE FOUR

In the battle for the national basketball championship only Duke, Kentucky, Utah and Texas Western survive. If last week's pattern is confirmed, the final round at College Park will be the hottest in years **by FRANK DEFORD**

It was 8 o'clock Sunday morning in Lubbock, Texas, the morning after Texas Western upset Kansas in double overtime to win the Midwest Regional, and Don Haskins, the winning coach, was propped up in bed in Room 410 of the Eldorado Motel reading the Lubbock *Sunday Avalanche-Journal*. He had eaten a hamburger after the game, it had not agreed with him and he had not slept very well. The fact that his team had won two overtime games on successive nights, Haskins allowed, might also have been a contributing factor to the insomnia. But mostly, Haskins maintained, it was just the bad burger.

It is safe to assume, time zones aside, that at about this hour, in Durham, N.C., Iowa City, Iowa and Los Angeles, three other coaches were also stirring uneasily. It had been a mighty long season, starting with the players running cross-country in the fall, and now here it was March 13 and in all the land there were only three coaches besides Don Haskins, reading the Sunday paper in the Eldorado Motel, who had teams that could still win the championship.

There was Vic Bubas, home with his wife and three girls in Durham, N.C. His Duke team had just beaten St. Joseph's and Syracuse over in Raleigh to reach the NCAA finals for the third time in four years. Bubas is from Gary, Ind., a redheaded Yankee who has built a basketball dynasty at Duke and who has himself become the father image of organization and planning in his sport.

There was Adolph Rupp in Iowa City, ready to return to Lexington, Ky., where

he is truly The Baron, the most famous basketball coach in history, the only man ever to coach four national champions. Kentucky had beaten Dayton and Michigan, and now, at age 64, The Baron only needed two more victories for his fifth title.

There was Jack Gardner, The Fox, in Los Angeles. His Utah team had just whipped Pacific and Oregon State, despite the fact that Gardner had lost his first-string center with a broken leg. Utah is the only school ever to win the NCAA, the NIT and the AAU back when the last-named tournament meant something. Gardner himself has won 551 games.

It is almost always the topflight coaches like these who get their teams to the finals. And it is certain that on this Sunday morning as they awoke, their first thoughts were of the games coming up on Friday night in College Park, Md. They eagerly anticipated the return of their scouts from the other regionals, laden with the precious raw material of X's and O's. The season had gone too far, and the stakes were too high, to leave anything to chance.

The phone rang in Room 410 at the Eldorado Motel, and Haskins picked it up to talk to a sportswriter. He discussed the game played the night before and his experience with the bum hamburger. Then he was asked about Texas Western's next game. Had he seen Utah play? "Hey look," Haskins replied. "You can help me about that. Is that the way it works? Do we play Utah next?"

There is something awfully charm-

ing about such naiveté, even if it does not paint a perfectly accurate picture. Haskins is no country-cousin innocent to the basketball wars. He traveled the land to recruit his Texas Western team that is now 26-1. And he, too, has established a dynasty out there in El Paso, putting together a 106-26 record since he arrived five years ago to build a team around Jim (Bad News) Barnes. Even compared to the efficiency experts at Duke, Kentucky and Utah, he and Texas Western have come a long way.

They remain factors to be reckoned with at College Park. The Miners, superbly coached and tough, should get to the finals, past Utah, and should have an easier time doing it than the team that survives the Duke-Kentucky game. If Duke's rebounding carries the Blue Devils past Kentucky, Texas Western must be given a chance to win it all. The Miners can neutralize the Duke board strength, and their steady style will restrict Duke's running game. Duke has done poorly when forced to settle down and set up patterns.

The edge should be with Kentucky, however, if it is a Wildcat-Miner final — and that is what appears most likely. Kentucky has the speed and shooting to break the rugged Miners. "We get our toughest games from the smaller, quick teams," Haskins admits. "We'd much rather come up against a taller team

continued

Double-teamed by Syracuse in the Eastern Regional final, Duke's Venge passes from cover.



that's a little bit slower than we are."

Whatever the result, it should be a close final, as nearly all the tournament games have been thus far. Not only did Texas Western win the Midwest by a total of three points (and in three overtimes), but Kentucky had to come from behind in the second half of both its games. Duke had to do that once and hung on for the other victory by a basket.

Strangely, it was Utah, probably the weakest team at College Park, that had the easiest time in the regionals. But the way Utah's Jerry Chambers shot in L.A. (73 points in the two games) and the way the Redskins rebounded make it impossible to disregard them completely. However, without a regular center they must face Western's David Lattin, who is 6 feet 7 and the best unknown hallplayer in the country.

Lattin anchors a team that is the nation's roughest. Forward Nevil (Shad-

ow) Shed got booted out of the Cincinnati game for busting a beautiful right jab on Don Rollie's chin. Opponents do not drive on Texas Western. They have to red dog. The Miners do not pick. They pick and shovel. And the mere presence of Lattin would be enough to intimidate most teams. He has the stark, forbidding scowl of the vintage Liston, plus smooth, agile movements that belie his size. "He is the only man," Haskins says plainly enough, "who ever made Jim Barnes cower... yes, cower."

Over the regular season Big Daddy D, as they call Lattin, averaged only 13.2 points and 8.2 rebounds, but the three tournament games so far have spurred him to much stronger performances. Last Monday, in the preliminary round against Oklahoma City, Lattin came up against James (Weasel) Ware, a center who had attracted some pro scouts to the game. Big Daddy D outscored Ware

20-10 and outrebounded him 15-12. He played poorly on defense against Cincinnati but made 29 points. Then, against Kansas, he outrebounded All-America Walt Wesley 17-15. Wesley had 24 points to Lattin's 15, but Wesley was a poor 9-for-23 from the floor in the face of Lattin's (and sometimes Shed's) aggressive guarding.

Willie Gager, playing for the banished Shed, was mainly responsible for the overtime victory over Cincinnati, and then got the final go-ahead basket in the second extra session against Kansas. But it is 5-foot-9 Bobby Joe Hill who is the star of an otherwise undistinguished Miner attack. Hill, shy personally but downright cocky as a player, is virtually impossible to stop on a drive.

All seven of the Texas Western regulars are Negroes, hardly a startling fact nowadays but one that becomes noteworthy because of the likely meeting



Having led their teams in regional playoffs (above), three key players at College Park will be Kentucky's versatile Pat Riley, TW's intemperate

with Kentucky or Duke. Both those teams are all-white. It is unfortunate—but it is a fact—that some Ethniks, both white and Negro, already are referring to the prospective national final as not just a game but a contest for racial honors. More than anything else, however, all four finalists demonstrate that their players are brothers under their recruited skins. Except for Lattin, who is from Houston, the Texas Westerners are from Gary, Ind., Detroit and New York. The Duke Southerners are from Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Montana. Kentucky does have two homebreds, but the rest of the starting five is from Indiana and New York. Utah's gunners were found in San Diego, Denver and Savannah, and high-scorer Chambers will be playing before the home-town folks, since he comes from Washington, D.C.

All four contenders are also distinguished by average overall size, with

Duke the tallest at 6 feet 4, Kentucky the smallest at a bit over 6 feet 3. The figures are somewhat misleading, however, as the Wildcats have a much shorter front line than the others and, if they are eliminated, it is likely that this will be the reason. Kentucky is still the smoothest and most precise of the finalists; it has had to be to offset weakness on the boards. The Wildcats managed to win the Midwest though outrebounded by both Dayton and Michigan.

To help counter this disadvantage, Kentucky had to work out of a zone defense, first to try to stop 6-foot-11 Henry Finkel of Dayton and then for the Michigan game—the one that ended Cazzie Russell's magnificent college career. Now this zone, a 1-3-1, is not, of course, a zone at all, according to Adolph Rupp. He prefers to say "trap defense," in conversation—until he forgets himself.

Kentucky will need the zone-trap this

weekend, particularly if 6-foot-5 sophomore Center Thad Jaracz has trouble containing Mike Lewis of Duke or Big Daddy D, as he did with Finkel. Essentially, it is a matter of Rupp figuring out how to keep these two big boys in check. How well he figures will decide whether or not he gets his fifth title.

It will not be an easy task. The little Wildcats were banged about pretty hard this past weekend. Larry Conley, the skinny 6-foot-3 forward, struggled out of the shower long after the Michigan game ended. There were cuts and bruises all over him. Rupp came in to ask why he was taking so long. "Coach," Conley said, "you'll be lucky to even get me back to Kentucky." But Rupp got him back there, and he'll have him in College Park. Somehow the old man has gotten the Wildcats this far, and every other time he has gotten them this far, Kentucky has won.

END



David Lattin, Utah's leaping Jerry Chambers (45).



HOCKEY'S BIGGEST MOMENT

NO.

51

After losing out because of an injury last year, after a season-long buildup this year, and after weeks of near misses, heightening pressure and agonizing frustration, Bobby Hull finally broke the Rocket's record **by MARTIN KANE**

The most closely watched player in the National Hockey League skated onto the ice in Chicago Stadium last Saturday, tapped the thick protective glass at rinkside in greeting to his pretty wife and acknowledged with a wave of his stick the ovation from the expectant and adulatory Black Hawk fans. Then, in an agonizing replay of recent history, Bobby Hull and the Black Hawks skated through two more periods of scoreless hockey against, of all teams, the fifth-place New York Rangers. The agony was shared by almost everyone present, because Hull, having shot a record-tying season total of 50 goals for the second time in his career four games previously, was going for No. 51. But, ever since that 50, he had been dogged by fate and defensesmen, who clung to him like the sense of sin to a penitent.

At last, nearly six minutes into the third period, the great moment finally came—as everyone knew it must. With the Rangers ahead 2-1, Hull got the curved blade of his stick on the puck on a power play well back of his own blue line, started toward the goal, squared off like Arnold Palmer getting ready for a tee shot and drove—right past Ranger Goalie Cesare Maniago.

The official scorers credited Lou Angotti and Bill Hay with assists on the play, but Angotti had another opinion. "When I'm 65," Lou said afterward,

"I'll sit around and tell my grandchildren how I got an assist on Bobby Hull's big goal. I'll tell them how I helped him score it while I was sitting on the bench. That's right. That's where I was."

"I kicked the puck over to Bobby, then skated for the bench and sat there watching as he went up by himself and scored."

Maniago, a onetime Toronto Maple Leaf, holds the distinction of having been the goaltender when Bernie (Boom Boom) Geoffrion shot his 50th goal of the season. He does not enjoy the fame that this has brought him and scarcely ever speaks of it. About the only thing he would say of last week's exploit was that Eric Nesterenko, Chicago wingman, did him a dirty trick. "Nesterenko lifted the blade of my stick and the puck went under it," Maniago said, more or less ruefully.

When the red light that signifies a goal flashed on, the more than 20,000 fans in the stadium lost control. They littered the ice with debris that ranged from hats—both men's and women's—to confetti. As he skated toward the Black Hawk bench, Hull picked up one of the more ludicrous hats and put it on, getting a laugh because, after all, he was Bobby Hull, and no man in the history of the National Hockey League, give or take 50-game or 70-game seasons, had ever made such a goal before. The joy-

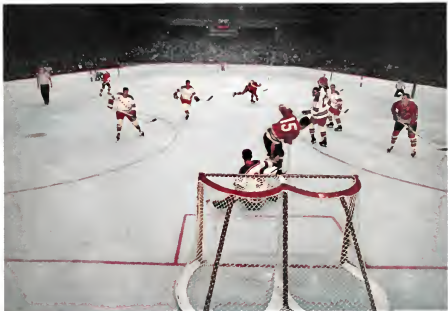
ously relaxed Hawks then went on in that same period to score two more goals and win the game 4-2. At that point, it didn't seem to matter much that Montreal was still ahead in the race for the league championship. What did matter was that every one of the Hawks felt himself a part of a moment in history.

The stick that fired the historic puck, a puck that Hull plans to have encased in gold, was no ordinary stick. Five years ago Hull's teammate, Sean Mikita, decided to try a stick with a blade curved somewhat on the order of a banana. The innovation worked fine and other forwards in the league have since copied it, each with his personal variations. Hull's variations are quite special. He likes a curve that is sharper, less rounded, than Mikita's. The theory is that the curve in the blade transmits spin to the puck and causes it to drop sharply just before it goes into the net. No one has proved this, any more than anyone ever has proved that a baseball can be made to "drop" just before it gets to the plate. But hockey's curved blade is relatively new and quite a few goaltenders believe in it. Before this game Hull and the Hawks' assistant trainer, Don (Sockeye)

continued

Free of his tormentors at last, Hull shows the mighty slap shot that scored his 51st.





Uren, spent about two weeks trying to get the Northland Company in St. Paul to put just the right curve in the blade. The sticks that came back to them did not satisfy Hull. "We made all kinds of calls to the factory over the last week," Uren said.

"I could tell they weren't right in the warmups," Hull said. "I wasn't shooting right."

Dreadful. All one of those defectively curved sticks did was break a record that had stood for 21 years.

The new scoring champion set the new record in his 56th game of the season. By that time Hull's team had played 61 games, but Bobby missed five of them because of a torn knee ligament. During the last weeks of mounting pressure, he minimized the continuing effect of that injury just as he minimized the strain of the pressure itself and the handicap of a right hand bunged up in a moment of wrath when he flung a flurry of punches at Detroit's Gary Bergman on the night of February 9.

The assumption had been that after achieving his 50th goal—against Detroit in his 52nd game of the season—the pressure would be off Bobby. "The monkey is off the back now," he said. Then came the Toronto game, in which the Maple Leafs battered the Hawks 5-0. Next opponent was Montreal and on the afternoon of that game Hull, glooming about his living room, was addressed by his wife. "Don't talk to me," he said, and Joanne, a former professional skater well aware of the tensions of sport, understood. She let him alone. That night the Canadiens' Gump Worsley, a former Ranger himself, treated the Hawks to their second straight shutout. After the ignominious whitewash by the fifth-place New Yorkers three nights later, a banner headline in the disgruntled Chicago *Sun-Times* asked pitifully: WILL HAWKS EVER SCORE AGAIN?

Despite such pessimism, there were plenty who were certain that in the 10 games still to be played Bobby Hull would somehow break the hex. Most certain were those who shared the 50-goal record with him—Maurice (The Rocket) Richard, who is now a Montreal business executive, and Geoffrion, now

coach of the high-scoring Quebec Aces of the American Hockey League.

"When I first set it, I didn't think that record was going to last very long," Richard said before Hull scored his 51st, "but it has lasted 21 years. If somebody has to break it, Hull is the right guy."

Richard believes that Hull has the best shot in hockey today, but he doesn't think he is the best player. "Not any more than I was," Richard explained. "I scored a lot of goals, but there were lots of better players. My brother Henri, for instance. He is better than me as a stickhandler, better in many ways. Stan Mikita, Jean Beliveau, my brother Henri—there may be 25 better stickhandlers in the NHL today than Hull, but Bobby has a great thing going for him, the thing that puts the puck in the net."

"It is hard to compare scoring titles," says Geoffrion. "The quality of play in the league isn't always the same. In some ways my style differed from Hull's. He is a better skater than I ever was, and he has a great shot, but I was quicker to take off. And I was shooting for the net more often. When Hull first came into the league, you could tell that he could be great, but he didn't shoot enough. Now he is hitting that net all the time."

As to the relative values of the records set by Hull and Richard, there presumably will be dispute forever. When Richard set his record in the 50-game season of 1944-45 the rule, since changed, said a penalized player must serve his full two minutes out of the game even though the opposition might be scoring goal after goal while he was in the penalty box. Under the new rule a player serving a minor penalty is permitted to return to the ice as soon as a member of the opposition scores.

Thus it has been speculated that The Rocket's high-goal total for that season might owe something to the fact that under the old rule he had a better chance to score on power plays, i.e., against an opponent that was a man short, than today's shooters. But, in fact, this argument is academic.

Richard actually scored his goals in 34 games, though he played in the season's full 50. He failed to score in 16 games, but he made up for that with a five-goal game and three hat tricks.

A point to be considered about all these records is that the closer a man gets to the critical milestone, the more circumstances are altered both for and

against his success. "All the people have their eyes on you, and they expect you to score whenever you get the puck," says Geoffrion. "When you are coming close to a record, you get that extra help from your own team, but the opposition is playing harder because they know you're going to try for it."

Hull's path to his new record was not flower-strewn. Throughout the league, defensemen and checking forwards made him their target, and some of them, to the vast indignation of Coach Billy Reay, put more zeal into their work than the rules allow. The Boston Bruins' Ed Westfall was particularly clinging, but wherever the Chicago club moved around the circuit the situation was pretty much the same. Claude Provost was always on top of Hull in Montreal. Reg Fleming, the former teammate who helped Hull score his 50th in 1962, was assigned as his nemesis in New York.

Hull conceded that Westfall and the others had hampered him with their bodyguard tactics but criticized Westfall only for refusing to abandon him to go after the puck when he had a chance to take the offensive. To Hull's mind this was not playing hockey.

Whether such purely defensive tactics were effective can be disputed, for Hull did get his record, did become the league's leading shooter and the Hawks led all other teams in scoring. But they also fell behind Montreal in the standings, and some Chicago fans feared, were sacrificing a chance at their first championship in history in order to give Bobby his record. It did seem, as the 51-goal record was neared, that teammates were passing the puck to Hull with unnecessary frequency, relinquishing chances to do their own shooting. And the situation was not without precedent. Last year Gordie Howe and his Detroit Red Wings were in a position comparable to that of Hull and the Hawks. Detroit was trying for its first NHL championship in nine years when Howe scored his 543rd goal—one short of Richard's career record. Howe hit a dead streak of 10 games before he tied the mark and another five before he got No. 545. A day or so before, Coach Sid Abel had complained, "Damn it, I'll be glad when this is all over with so we can get back to playing hockey."

The night after his 51st, Hull scored No. 52 to help beat Toronto 5-1. The Hawks were playing hockey again. **END**

Two pictures, a fraction of a second apart, show Nesterenko (75, top) effectively screening Hull's shot and Mikita (white helmet, below) waving his stick in triumph of the score.

IT'S ONE POINT SIX PICK UP STICKS

When the NCAA tries to raise the academic standards of athletes one group, the Ivy League, protests, 'Who needs it?' The result is a stormy controversy in which the Ivies, says the author, are wrong

by DAN JENKINS



GOHEEN CLAIMS PROVINCE OF THE MIND

While the sporting public's very back was turned last week, another one of those catchy numerical references, One Point Six, crawled into the American vocabulary and threatened, unfortunately, to become as familiar as the Two-point Conversion, the Final 18 or No. 51. It is unfortunate because One Point Six deals with an academic rule rather than a pass, a putt or a puck, and because every institution from Harvard to Sweatshirt U. seems to be debating it.

Athletic debates are far more interesting when they occur between goalposts or backboards, but this one rages on. Already it has caused one school, the University of Pennsylvania, to miss the chance it had earned to play in this week's NCAA basketball championship. Other NCAA championships are coming up almost immediately, and athletes who would normally compete now find they are ineligible. The controversy has also resulted in strong talk from usually calm men. Princeton President Robert F. Goheen has charged that One Point Six "would appear to be the product of people more knowledgeable about athletics than the life of the mind." *The New York Times*, in an editorial, accused the NCAA of "rule-or-ruin" ways. The issue is important, for it could lead to the wrecking of the NCAA.

The debate is primarily between the NCAA, which conceived the One Point Six rule, and the Ivy League, which defied it. One might hastily assume that in such a controversy the Ivies must be

right. But when the welfare of the entire collegiate community is considered, the Ivies, despite scattered good points and splendid intentions, are dead wrong.

All high-principled, philosophic, idealistic shouting about academic freedom and institutional autonomy aside—running your own joint, in the language of the bleacher fan—the basic issue is a simple one. Should the NCAA try to insure that every varsity athlete is a student? Indeed it should. The Ivy League argues, in essence, that schools should police themselves, which is an admirable theory. But the realities of life—consider the major conference university that is attempting to recruit two basketball players whose high school transcripts show almost nothing but strings of Ds—are something different, and the Ivies, of all people, should be the first to admit it.

One of the main purposes of the much-maligned NCAA, as set forth in its constitution, is to assure exemplary control in the admission and eligibility of student athletes, through legislation if necessary. The One Point Six rule is a long-overdue piece of legislation designed to guarantee that every student athlete in all of the NCAA's 571 member schools maintain at least a C minus average. A mark of C minus amounts to 1.6 on the 1-to-4 grading system. Failure to maintain this average will keep the athlete out of all varsity competition and all varsity practices, assuming that his school wants to compete in any

NCAA-sponsored championship events or postseason bowl games. In reality, the 1.6 level is quite low. One conference, the Big Ten, and many individual schools already have set higher standards for athletes. But others have not set any standards or are willing to bend double the ones they have for the sake of a good linebacker. It is toward these schools that the rule is aimed. It is designed to eliminate the tramp athlete, the transfer type, the snap-course clod.

To suggest, as the Ivies have done, that the NCAA has no business in this area is to say that the NCAA has no reason for existing. In order to regulate sound intercollegiate athletic programs, the NCAA must be concerned with admissions and eligibility just as surely as it must be concerned with recruiting and financial aid to athletes.

What, after all, is the NCAA? For one thing, it is not what the eastern press would have its readers think, nor is it what the Ivy League, as represented by Princeton's Goheen, is content to have its friends believe—namely, a group of guys in gym shoes constantly hoodwinked by the persuasive powers of a Bear Bryant, or an organization whose executive director, Walter Byers, is a power-hungry dictator shooting from the hip way out in wild Kansas City.

The NCAA is all of the schools, Ivies included, communicating with each other, primarily through academic people. It includes a lot of university athletic directors, yes, but these athletic



BYERS THINKS C MINUS IS LOW ENOUGH

directors represent the wishes and interests of their school administrations. The NCAA essentially is governed by deans and presidents and professors of law, chemistry, history, English—men in the cultural areas in which the Ivy League, especially during this debate, claims preeminence.

What finally climaxed the fireworks display in the One Point Six dispute was the NCAA's decision to bar Penn, the Ivy League champion, from the NCAA basketball playoffs. It did so after the Ivies said they would not comply with the One Point Six rule. The NCAA was not eager to disqualify Penn. In fact, it even tried to allow the Ivies to comply without literally complying, but the Ivies were still unhappy. They stated publicly and defiantly that the rule was bad and they would ignore it. After that, the NCAA had no recourse but to rule Penn out of championship competition.

The Ivy League's foremost objection to the One Point Six rule—an objection, curiously, that it failed to voice on the floor of two NCAA conventions—is that the NCAA is a society to govern athletics, not education. The Ivy League says that when the NCAA sets a minimum grade requirement for a student it is meddling with academic freedom. If a student falls below 1.6 and still wants to play football or something else to be a "well-rounded" man, he should be allowed to do so if his school is willing to let him participate. It further argues that athletes should not be

treated differently from other students, that an athlete-student would be discriminated against if he had to maintain a C minus average when other students did not (SI, Feb. 14) and that athletes would take easy courses to be sure they could keep their grades up. These are high-minded, legitimate concerns and might be determining ones if this were the best-of-all-possible-Ivy-League worlds. But . . .

Suppose it was Sweatshirt U. that had taken such a position, had protested about "well-rounded" men and about the danger of athletes being led toward easy courses in the fox trot and about how all schools should decide such things for themselves. Well, the laughter would not have stopped yet. In short, a self-governing system that may be fine for the Ivies is not necessarily good for the rest of college sport.

If the One Point Six rule is NCAA meddling, then the NCAA has meddled before in academic matters without any hue and cry from the East. It has set regulations for transfer students and for the number of varsity seasons an athlete can compete; it has placed schools on probation for violations of admission policies, for accepting phony transcripts and for illegal recruiting. And all for the good of both sport and education. The One Point Six rule is a similar action, voted in by a great majority of the NCAA's member schools and regarded as a sound and forthright step by dozens of universities which consider themselves, rightfully, to be as zealous about academic principles as the Ivies.

Says Walter Byers: "The solid majority of the colleges believe this rule in the long run will do as much as any rule the NCAA has ever passed to improve intercollegiate athletics. Admittedly, it causes some dislocation of long-accepted procedures, but it has been more thoroughly considered than any NCAA legislation ever enacted. It is based on the premise that if a college wishes to compete with its sister institutions for national championship honors, it should be willing to certify what its academic procedures and requirements are, confirm them to the other members and agree upon a minimum level of academic attainment for athletes."

It may come as a shock to a lot of in-

terested bystanders who have heard only the Ivy League's outcries, but the prime mover of the One Point Six legislation was not a Spiral[®] Stu Fingerface at all. It was Dr. Robert F. Ray, a dean of the University of Iowa. Dr. Ray was one of seven men who formulated the legislation. The others were Rexford K. Snyder, director of admissions at Stanford; John A. Fuzak, dean of students at Michigan State; Laurence C. Woodruff, dean of students at the University of Kansas; Jim Weaver, commissioner of the Atlantic Coast Conference, Dean Trevor, athletic director of Knox College (Ill.); and DeLaney Kipphut, athletic director of—hmm—Yale. Mathematics suggests that the gym-shoe group was outnumbered by the "life of the mind" group four to three.

The Ivy League's position among athletic conferences is admittedly a unique one. The Ivies do not, technically speaking, give athletic scholarships, though they certainly recruit hard for the athletic student. Once an athlete is entered in an Ivy school he has to survive strictly on his academic merit. Nor are there any courses in basket-weaving for him to fatten his average on. This is precisely the way things should be everywhere, and, strangely, it is exactly what the One Point Six rule is trying to achieve in less enlightened areas. One would have expected the Ivies to take the lead in this NCAA effort, mild though it is, to encourage a better-educated athlete throughout the nation. Instead, they seem to have chosen the role of obstructionists, to have decided that since they don't need the One Point Six rule, nobody does. Perhaps what the Ivies are quietly saying is that they are sorry they joined the NCAA, they don't need it and they would like to get out of it.

The new rule may well be modified or thrown out altogether next year when the Ivies press their stand at the NCAA convention, yet one would hope that it will not only be kept, but strengthened. A change in the Ivy attitude would do much to enhance that league's great traditions and would give truer meaning to college sport. Meanwhile, the coaches down at Sweatshirt U. must be both astonished and pleased to find the Princeton and Yales doing their arguing for them.

END

HIT IT MY WAY

BY GARY PLAYER

Last summer South Africa's Gary Player won the U.S. Open Championship and, at 29, joined Gene Sarazen and Ben Hogan as the only golfers to have won all four of the world's major titles: the Masters, the U.S. Open, the PGA and the British Open. In an era of long hitters Player has consistently excelled on lengthy and difficult courses, not by relying on power but by hitting the ball straight and keeping it out of trouble. Here, with Gwilym S. Brown, he discloses his theory of control golf

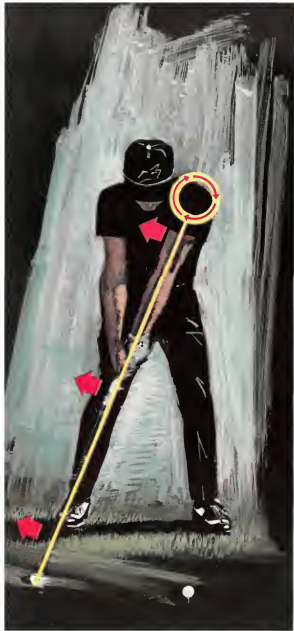
Take a close look at the two pictures on these pages. They are strikingly alike, and together they show what I think is the essence of my golf swing. Most golfers underestimate the damage caused by a long but off-line shot that reaches the rough. It is difficult to get the subsequent recovery shot to the green, and pars become bogeys or worse. Thus inaccuracy undermines power. I am a strong believer in what I call control golf. I am convinced it is the best style for me—and will be for you. The secret of a controlled golf swing is to be in the same compact, functional and well-balanced position at impact as you are at address. At right I am merely poised to swing, while on the page

opposite I am hitting as hard as I ever care to. Yet in each case, as you can see, five important things are nearly identical: 1) my head is well down, facing the ball or the point of impact; 2) my right shoulder is below the left at address, ready to move around and under my chin at impact; 3) my right elbow is tucked in snugly against my right side; 4) the line from the top of my left shoulder down to the club head itself is straight; 5) the back of my left hand and the palm of my right are approximately square to the target. In the following pages I will tell you how to achieve what you see at right, namely, duplicating at impact the position that you are in at address.



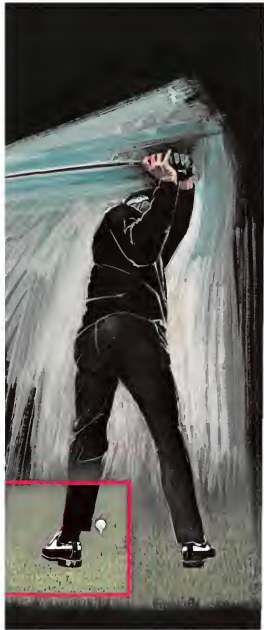
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DRAWINGS BY FRANCIS GOLDEN

This is the first move of what modern golfers call the one-piece swing. It begins from a square stance, meaning that imaginary lines drawn across the toes, the knees, the hips and the shoulders all point to the target. The stance should be square, regardless of what club is being used. Frequent adjustments from shot to shot not only make the game unnecessarily complicated but also make accuracy far more difficult to achieve. The backswing should be initiated not by the hands, but by the left shoulder turning down and moving under the chin. The club, hands and arms move back together, almost as if they were all joined by a single spoke protruding from the hub of a wheel. This one-piece motion also helps keep the hands and club face on line with the target as long as possible.



At the top of the swing there should be no conscious pause, only the appearance of one. The fact that the club looks as if it has come to a full stop in this position is an indication that the backswing has been made slowly, smoothly and at a good tempo, all important ingredients in accurate hitting. As the club comes back, the wrists should remain uncocked and the club face on the target line until the rhythmic flow of the backswing, naturally and without forcing, eases hands and wrists into a coiled position. Meanwhile, the left shoulder must turn well under the chin and the right elbow remain close to the body. Finally, look at the left heel and remember it. This heel should never leave the ground on the backswing. Keeping it flat insures good balance, which is vital in control golf.

CONTINUED



Golf professionals will talk for hours about the various theories of how to begin the downswing, but any method must achieve one thing: it must move the golfer's weight off the right foot and onto the left as quickly as possible. Some pros accomplish this by concentrating on pulling the club down sharply with the left hand at the start of the downswing. Others do it by sliding or turning their hips to the left. These are fine, but I favor a different method, a

pushing action off the right foot. This seems to me to be a much quicker and more vigorous way to shift the weight. To get the feel of this, try thinking of a baseball batter about to swing. He strides into the pitch. It is this movement that gives him leverage and power. The same principle applies in golf. You do not move your feet, but by mentally stepping into the ball while keeping your left side firm you start the downswing with a good weight shift.



Having made a proper weight shift, you must now manage another motion that the weekend golfer too often ignores. This is turning the right shoulder under the chin and under the left shoulder through the downswing. It is not particularly easy to do, and it requires some practice and concentration, but without it a combination of power and accuracy is impossible. The correct turn of the shoulders provides accuracy, because it holds the club head on line to the target as the club head comes into the ball, as it hits the ball and then well into the follow-through. The correct turn provides power because the full force of the swing is directly behind the ball, not dragged across it from one side to the other. Think of keeping the shoulders working in a vertical plane, and make your chin dig down into your shirt, as I am doing at left. You may wear your shirts out, but your body turn will be fine.

CONTINUED



Is the follow-through artistically showy but technically unnecessary? "It is what happens when the club head meets the ball that counts, not what happens afterward," some golfers say. True enough, but what happens when the club head meets the ball is often related to what happens afterward. In resolving to take a full, smooth follow-through you practically force yourself to do several things correctly earlier in the swing. Consider the two drawings above. The dreadfully familiar follow-through on the left is both incorrect and incomplete. It incorporates two mistakes that surely have had a bad effect on the shot. First, my right shoulder is too high, for it is level with the left.

The chances are that I have sliced or pulled the shot. Second, since the club has not come all the way down behind my back, I quite probably eased up as I brought the club into the ball and also failed to shift my weight fully to the left. The result had to be a weak shot. At right you see none of these mistakes. My shoulders are on the proper planes, taking into consideration how much farther the club has been taken around. My hands are high. They have carried the club well behind me and into a position that can be reached only after a complete and rapid weight shift and a vigorous swing through the ball. So remember: if you take half a swing you are going to double your score.

Let's face a fact. Anyone who thinks he is going to become a good golfer without practicing has got more cheek than sense. But let's add two more facts: practice can be enjoyable in itself, and intelligent practice will certainly add to your enjoyment on the course. Here are the best practice tips that I know: 1) Especially after a long layoff, stand on the practice tee with your feet close together and hit shots with an eight-iron (below) while concentrating on only three elements of the swing—keeping your head still, turning your left shoulder under your chin on the backswing and turning your right shoulder under on the downswing. Because your feet are close together you will also

develop more effective hand action. 2) Work on alignment by placing a club on the ground aimed at a target, take your stance with your toes touching the club and hit shots to the target. 3) When you practice, work on only one thing at a time. For instance, hit 20 shots thinking of nothing but taking the club back by turning the left shoulder, then hit 20 shots concentrating on getting your weight quickly over to the left side, and so on. 4) When you warm up for an actual round, take it easy. Loosen up thoroughly by swinging one club, then use plenty of time between practice shots. The rapid-fire method of warming up sends you out on the course with your swing askew and mind unsettled.



CONTINUED



It is not exactly a violent sport, but even in weekend golf—especially on the final holes of a long, slow round—fitness counts. I am a little fanatical about fitness, partly because I am small and need to put out extra effort to keep up with the Jack Nicklauses of this world and partly because I play professional golf, where stamina is a factor. The important muscles for a golfer are in the hands, wrists, forearms and legs. To strengthen these I do a great deal of running and weight lifting. Weekend players, understandably, seldom have the time for heavy doses of exercise, but there are some things I recommend. If you do not want to run, at least try running in place or skipping rope at home for five minutes a day. This will be good for more than your golf. Perhaps once a day take a pair of five- or 10-pound weights and rotate your wrists (below). This will build up the hands, wrists and forearms. Finally, find yourself a five- or six-pound length of pipe and swing it a few times a day as if it were a driver (above). This will stretch out and strengthen every muscle that is used in the golf swing.



So much for the physical aspects of control golf. But there are mental aspects, too. First, why, in this era when everybody is thinking about power, power, power, should you play control golf at all? I'll tell you why. You are not Nicklaus, who has the muscle to overcome the difficulties that his distance may get him into, nor are you Arnold Palmer, who has the boldness to ignore trouble. And neither am I, which is why I have based my whole philosophy of golf on keeping the ball in play. Last year during the U.S. Open, which I won at Bellevere Country Club in St. Louis, a survey was made by the USGA of every shot on the 7th hole, a routine par-4. The average score on the hole from tee shots not in the fairway was 4.28, compared to 4.65 from the fairway. In short, even the pros would lose something like four strokes a round by letting the ball get into the rough or sand. You would surely lose more, since your recovery shots would be weaker. Once you have convinced yourself about how much a shot into the rough costs, you will forget about power and concentrate on control.

By concentrate I mean use your head as well as your controlled swing. Consider your normal game. The chances are that you make more double or even triple bogeys than you do birdies. Many of these disastrous holes are caused by ill-conceived gambles for birdies. You must learn to study a course and play percentages. Let me give you two examples. The first is the 6th hole at Bellevere, a watery, 195-yard par-3 (below left) where the U.S. Open field scored twice as many double bogeys as birdies, not to mention a few 6s, 7s, etc. On this hole I decided to forget about fading or drawing the ball toward the pin (dotted lines) and instead aimed at the back of the putting surface and a well-mowed spot between two bunkers. This gave me no chance at a birdie, but set up an

easy chip for a par and kept me well away from the calamity posed by the water. I got three pars and a bogey—which was better than most of the field. The 11th at Augusta National (lower right) is a 445-yard par-4 with a large pond along the left side of the green. We are all tempted to try for distance off the tee here, but where you drive the ball is much more important than how far. Though at first glance it may seem more dangerous, I always try to play to the left (solid line). This means my second shot is aimed away from the water. No matter how far he has driven, the golfer on the right side has more water worries than I do. A slight hook and he is sunk (dotted line). In my 35 rounds in the Masters I have never been in the water on this hole. Sound strategy pays off, so make it a part of your game.

Good thinking can help you in other ways. Beware of heavy clubs. Many players think that a high swing weight increases distance, but the opposite is usually true. A heavy club, say a D-6, is harder to swing than a lighter one and therefore generates less club-head speed. I have also noticed that amateur golfers rarely use enough club. It is always a crushed seven-iron where an easy six-iron would be better. Do not let vanity spoil your club selection. Know the distance to the green and how far you can comfortably hit with each club. Also there is usually less danger behind a green than in front of it. Finally, keep in mind that the man who is striving for accuracy will often get better distance, too. Since he is not taking a frantic swipe at the ball, his timing improves.

I cannot deny that you get a special charge from hitting a tremendous tee shot now and then or from a birdie on a difficult hole, but this is a game of 18 tee shots and 18 holes. The true thrill of golf lies in scoring your best on every one of them.



TRADIN' PLATERS IS MR. VAN'S GAME

Marion Van Berg never started a horse at Aqueduct or Santa Anita, but last year he won more money and more races than anyone else

by JACK MANN

Most folks in Marion H. Van Berg's home town of Columbus, Neb. (pop. 13,500) are vaguely aware that he wins more horse races than anybody. They think that's nice, but it isn't what they mean when they say he "put the town on the map." The merchants measured Van Berg's stature in a full-page ad in *The Columbus Daily Telegram* last January 17, the eve of a testimonial dinner to him. It was a prosaic *Ode to a Sater Pavilion*. The pavilion belongs to Mr. Van, and so does the complex of animal pens that spreads to the leeward, fortunately, of his handsome home. Last year farmers from as far away as Montana brought 115,274 cattle and 73,938 hogs through Van Berg's sales arena. The auctioneer's fee was good for Mr. Van. The buyers' and sellers' money was good for everybody.

Last in 1962 Mr. Van put on a different kind of auction. With the racing season over, he sold off about 50 horses, most of them Thoroughbreds only by the broadest definition. Toddy Cox, columnist of *The Morning Telegraph* and Mr. Van's occasional Boswell, knew a dispersal sale when he saw one. Van Berg, he wrote, was "about to curtail his vast operations."

It figured. Mr. Van was almost 67, and his wife, two sons and seven daughters had been bugging him for a couple of years to pay attention to the doctor's warnings about his heart. He didn't need the money. His eldest daughter, Helen Karlin, was running the sales pavilion efficiently; his son Jack had become an accomplished horse trainer, and brother Bud was running a new pavilion in Sterling, Colo. Everybody was all right. Besides, Mr. Van had nothing left to prove. In 1960, starting almost twice as many horses (1,122) as the Light Brigade, he had won 221 races, a record *The Morn-*

ing Telegraph did not expect to see broken. His 205 winners in '62 had made him the winningest owner for the third straight year and the fifth time in eight years. The prize for the leading money-winning stable had eluded him, but that was hardly a feasible goal. Running his agglomeration of platers for petty-cash pots at third-rate tracks like Oaklawn Park and the Fair Grounds, he could hardly match the aristocratic cavalry of Calumet Farm, the leading looter for 12 of 21 years—just to name one.

Well, Calumet is over the hill, and you can't find King Ranch anymore—just to name two—but the purple-and-gold colors of M.H. Van Berg fly on. Last year, sending 1,453 animals to the post, Mr. Van rebroke that unbreakable record of his by winning 270 races. His \$895,246 in winnings also led the nation. It was the first time one stable had taken both titles since 1948, when Citation alone brought back \$709,470 for Calumet. Van Berg's biggest winner was Ramblin Road, who won \$85,685.

A chart of Mr. Van's victory (by \$5,325) in the money department would say he won "easily," but he had to stand off a late shopping spree by the runner-up, Financier Louis E. Wolfson. "You can't take anything away from Van Berg," said Wolfson's trainer, Burley Parke, in the fading hours of 1965. They couldn't, but they were trying. At Tropical Park and Santa Anita, Wolfson's minions were buying other people's favorites in the morning to win in Wolfson's flamengo-and-black in the afternoon.

"I don't want to say anything against Mr. Wolfson," Van Berg said recently. "He sent me a nice letter of congratulation after it was over." Some horsemen at the Fair Grounds did resent Wolfson's invasion of the claiming field. At least one suspected the purchases were, in

fact, short-term leases and offered Van Berg that sort of arrangement. "I thought we ought to win with what we had," Mr. Van said.

In 29 seasons, starting more than 16,000 horses over 46 tracks, Van Berg has won 3,021 races and \$8,161,933 in pots ranging from the \$39,500 required by Vantage in the Charles W. Bidwell Memorial Handicap at Hawthorne in 1954 to the 15 bucks Bud Smith got for finishing fourth at Omaha in 1938. Around the race secretary's office at the Fair Grounds they try to explain how: "Knows his business . . . never runs an unsound horse . . . uses common sense . . . he's working when the others are getting warm in the track kitchen . . . knows how to read a condition book." All that, plus a sixth sense for "tradin'," which is what Mr. Van still calls the process, even the haggling that led up to his purchase of Ramblin Road for \$55,000 last May 31. Tradin' was a way of life to Van Berg before his first shave.

His father was a farmer of indifferent



success near Aurora, Neb. "He was a barber, too," says Mr. Van, "but he didn't like that a-tall. So he did a lot of horse-tradin'. They was workhorses then, the best of them worth \$85. My dad always told me you had to get 'em just a little cheaper so they'd be easier to sell."

It may be a shock in Columbus, Neb., where Medicare is a dirty word, but their No. 1 rugged individualist came to town on an early wave of collectivism. ("There's a man," an admirer said at the testimonial dinner, "who came here with nothing but ambition. He doesn't want any help from any government. He's done it all himself.") Van Berg's ambition wasn't availing him much in Aurora early in 1933, when he ran into another horse trader, Pete Larson. "Pete had been up around Columbus and made some nice money," Van Berg recalls. "He told me that Loup River public power project [an early Roosevelt REA project] was coming in, and the place was really going to grow." Mr. Van kissed the wife and kids and went up the road to Co-

lumbus. The tradin' was indeed good, and by the fall of 1935 construction of the sales pavilion began. The rest was individualism.

For all his success, Mr. Van is unlikely to be nominated to The Jockey Club. He has never started a horse at Aqueduct or Santa Anita, where his fame parallels that of Emil J. Paudar, the name on the barber chair: everybody recognizes it and nobody knows who he is. His limited breeding program ("14 mares in foal is too many") annually wins a good share of the prizes for Nebraska-breds, but he hasn't had a really successful home-bred since Rose's Gem finished up with \$230,964 in 1963. And he was a happy accident.

"I bred my winning mare Rose Bed to Royal Gem II in 1953," Mr. Van recalls. "The next year I couldn't have touched him." That was the year Dark Star, another son of Royal Gem II, won the Kentucky Derby. That was an accident, too, but the sire's price went up higher than Van Berg would have paid.

Mr. Van has "thought about" shifting his stable's emphasis from quantity to quality and has tried. When he was about to breed his speedy stakes-winning mare Estacion he talked to a man who knew a man who had access to a share in Nashua. "They wanted \$10,000," he says, "and another \$10,000 if there was a live foal." Mr. Van told them thank you for the green persimmon.

"I could have had a service from that Ry-but, too," he recalls. "But they wanted \$10,000 with no guarantee, and he hadn't got nothin' yet. Now I wish I had. But I really wouldn't want to train a bunch of horses and not run them, and that's what you do if you have that kind. I like action. I didn't run Ramblin Road at Hialeah just to tell people I'd run a horse in Florida. I ran him because I thought he could win."

He is also afraid of being influenced by sentiment—not his own but his family's. His wife and daughters persuaded him to run Spring Broken in the 1960 Kentucky Derby. The overmatched colt

continued

IN THE STABLE AREA AT OAKLAWN PARK IN HOT SPRINGS, ARK., VAN BERG IS FAR MORE AT HOME THAN AT BIG-CITY RACETRACKS



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ran a nice, even eighth, and Mr. Van didn't like the kind of training he saw the 3-year-olds get at Louisville, anyway.

He does not coddle his horses. Last November 20, when Mortal Lock ran away from the pack at Sportsman's Park to put Van Berg in the history books with his unparalleled 3,000th victory, the 6-year-old gelding was making his 31st start of the year. A sentimentalist might have made Mortal Lock a pensioner in his old age and finally buried him in the Fair Grounds infield between Black Gold and Pan Zareta. That track, as well as Hazel Park, Oaklawn, Sportsman's and a number of others, would probably reserve Mr. Van a family plot, if he asked, in gratitude for the way he has filled their races—without, as Fair Grounds Racing Secretary Barry Whitehead puts it, being "picaresque" about conditions. Instead, Van Berg ran Mortal Lock four more times before the year was out, finally losing him for a \$4,000 claim—which was, his dad would note with pride, \$500 more than he paid for him in July.

And his compassion for his steeds' aches and pains is strictly pragmatic. "My horse has a black eye," a groom told Mr. Van, as he entered the barn at the Fair Grounds on a Sunday afternoon in January. Mike's Red, a colt purchased for \$30,000 last November, had a golf-ball lump bisected by a two-inch gash over his right eye. He had knocked his head on the starting gate the previous afternoon but had gone on undaunted to win the \$7,500 Black Gold purse. Mr. Van glanced at the cut. Then he bent over to feel the horse's front ankles and nodded in satisfaction.

At his barn in Columbus the week before he had examined a filly who had been "fired," that mystic, soldering-iron panacea for inscrutable infirmities. The little holes were evident through the sickly white crust on her forelegs, and a visiting dignitary sucked in his breath in horror. "Better she should suffer now," Van Berg said, "than me later." Wasn't there an anesthetic? the visitor asked. "Yeah," Mr. Van Berg said. "We tried that Butazolidin a couple of years ago, and it was great. Only trouble was, the blistering didn't take."

"Only horse I got sentimental about," Van Berg says, "was Rose's Gem. Lost him for \$12,500 and got him back for the same price. The other people's groom said he could have made a fast

\$2,500 just walking him in front of my barn, and he was right."

Van Berg's first starter was Julia R., who died in the fire that wiped out his original five-horse stable in June 1937. The first winner was Customize, who picked up a \$385 pot at Omaha two weeks later and was claimed for \$800. He had grabbed her for \$700 at Riverside Park, an "outlaw" track in Kansas City, Mo., and that was where he saw Bud Smith.

The gelding was a 9-year-old when Van Berg claimed him for \$800. "Didn't have a halter, so my man had to lead him back with baling wire," Van Berg recalls. "Ran him three days in a row at Omaha, because that's all you knew at the time, and he got beat a head by three different horses. [Actually, Bud Smith ran every other day, July 1, 3 and 5, and was claimed for \$800.] The wife and the girls had a fit. They went and got him back. Wilma rode him in parades, and he was like a pet. He brought back 37 straight checks." As the late Colonel John R. Stingo said, "Memory grows furtive." Bud Smith won 22 straight checks, but he had that charming way of running "from out of it," like a poor man's Carry Back. He was still trying mightily in 1941, when he was 13 and the mile and 40 yards just wasn't in him anymore. On June 25 at Omaha he tried to go for 5½ furlongs, and how he tried. From "far back," the official chart in the dusty archives says, Bud Smith "closed gamely" and ran third. That was worth \$30, his last check. They put him in a mile on July 5; he ran a flat 11th, and that was it.

But the world little notes not long remembers the Bud Smiths. The floral-piece replica behind the dais at the testimonial dinner in Columbus on January 18 was of Rose's Gem, the money winner. Halfway through the speeches Van Berg's sons, Jack and Bud, tiptoed out of the Platte County Agricultural Society auditorium to prepare for the highlight of the evening. A little later they led in Mr. Van's Appaloosa pony, with his grandson up on the ornate saddle that his 625 attendant friends had paid for with their \$2.50 tickets. Max Johnson, who has worked "a long time" for Mr. Van, had put on his five-gallon hat and ridden the pony several miles in the 0th morning, to insure that he would be tired and, therefore, amenable to the indoor appearance.

continued



The Quincy family in the background of the living room in the *Madame Tuller*, *Carl* (shown at left), *Mr. and Mrs. Brooks* (shown at right), *Mr. and Mrs. Brooks* (shown at right), *Mr. and Mrs. Brooks* (shown at right).

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Then, away. Outside the city unwinds a road as long as the day ahead. A day just for them. In the Chevrolet built just for two.



'66 CORVETTE BY CHEVROLET

The dinner was bone-dry—although the society maintains a well-equipped bar upstairs—because Mr. Van does not drink. "I wonder," asked a local wise guy, "if Bud and Jack [34 and 29, respectively] smoke in front of their father yet?"

The answer is that the Van Berg who smokes (we'll never tell) does not when Mr. Van is present. "I don't think they drink," he says. "Anyway, I never saw them. I don't, because I saw a lot of drinking. My dad was a bright man, could do almost anything. But every once in a while—it could be harvest time, or he could have the best deal of his life coming up, and it didn't matter—he just wasn't any good for a while."

At home in Columbus, on the afternoon of the testimonial dinner, Mr. Van wanted to take some people out to the barn and show them Royal Course, the 3-year-old who won nine of 12 races last year and didn't get a call in the Experimental ratings. His wife (they will have their 50th anniversary next year), two daughters, one daughter-in-law and a couple of grandchildren scurried around to find his cold-weather clothing. "Do you see," his wife said, "how we pamper him?"

Mr. Van thought he was being pumpered on Sept. 25, 1963 at Hazel Park, when he had a "minor cardiac" disturbance during the third race. He was carried to the first-aid room, and somebody shut off the closed-circuit television so as not to excite Mr. Van. He asked them please to leave it on, because he had a horse going in the fifth. After watching Jet Roger win, Mr. Van consented to get in the ambulance. "But not in the back," he recalls. "I knew the driver, and I sat up front with him." Set down for a week, he was back from the hospital in three days.

His doctor and his family are still urging Mr. Van to limit his operations. He agrees that he should, but for a different reason. "You can't get good help," he says, in the plaint that horsemen probably have been making since Bucephalus. "We ought to cut down to half the horses we have." That's what he was saying on the way in from the New Orleans airport January 23, and Jack, driving the car, was listening dutifully. At the barn Mr. Van felt Mike's Red's ankles and listened to Grand Stand's cough. Now he was talking to an exercise boy, about 16. "I have a message for you,

young man," he said. "I saw your mother back home, and she says you should write more often." The boy nodded sheepishly.

Just then a car carrying two men stopped in front of the barn. After a few moments' conversation Mr. Van climbed in the back seat, and they took him to see a 4-year-old filly named River Sty. Two days earlier she had run on or near the lead for three-quarters of a mile in a mile-and-40-yard allowance race, then bled from the nostrils from a ruptured vessel, presumably in her pharynx. This may have been caused by exertion, a cold or more serious troubles.

A few minutes later the car returned, and the three men sat talking. "Give her to Cliff," Jack shouted when his father got out of the car. Mr. Van looked quizzical. "You did buy her, didn't you?" Jack asked. "Well, give her to Cliff." Cliff, a groom, had only three horses in his care.

"They wanted \$7,500," Mr. Van said on the drive back to the motel. "I offered five. They said \$5,500, and I said, 'Too much.' Then they said they already had an offer of \$5,000." And then they had the silly old man right where he wanted them.

"They said they wanted to study it over until tomorrow," Mr. Van said, "and you know that ain't no good. So I said \$5,250, and I gave them a check."

"Remember what you said on the way in from the airport?" Jack asked.

"Yeah," Mr. Van said. "I said we should sell what we got. But this one is going to make money. Or if she don't I made a mistake, and you can write it down."

A horse who bleeds once is just a horse who bled. The second time she becomes a bleeder, and she would be barred from racing by the Fair Grounds stewards. "But we ain't going to run her here," Mr. Van said. "We're going to send her to Hot Springs [Oaklawn Park] tomorrow, and she can run there. We'll feed her alfalfa and try a little vitamin K, but, anyway, we can run her." He didn't say it, but River Sty can run there in claiming races of \$4,500 or even less, and, with that "bled" notation in a recent chart, nobody is likely to touch her.

"She's going to win us money, you see," Mr. Van said, "because we got a little edge."

Which, as Dad said, is what you have to have when you go tradin'. **END**



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DURING TRAINING PERIOD A WILD, DEEPWATER PORPOISE LEARNS TO SWIM THROUGH AN ELECTRONIC HOOP

YOU CAN'T CON A PORPOISE

The versatile mammals of Sea Life Park in Hawaii are acting somewhat like Seeing Eye dogs. Scientists are experimenting with the animals in an attempt to aid the blind, with hope of defining and somehow simulating the porpoise's intricate built-in sonar system

by COLES PHINIZY

At Hawaii's Sea Life Park on the windward shore of Oahu, in a small, quiet pool, there is a gentle, well-mannered bottlenose porpoise named Alice. Compared to most of the captive porpoises frolicking around in se aquariums today, Alice is a real dud. She does not play baseball or basketball, although a number of porpoises of her acquaintance are now going in for these grand American games in a big way. In a lagoon at Sea Life Park, just up the hill from Alice's pool, there is a troupe of theatrical porpoises that wind up each of their five shows a day by doing the hula. Alice, in contrast, never dances and it is doubtful that she could ever be persuaded to wriggle erotically in public.

Although she would be a disaster in any disothèque, Alice is one of the pace-setters of the new generation of career porpoises that simply do not have time for trivia. After four or five years of proper schooling among her own kind in the Atlantic, Alice took specialized training under excellent human tutors at Marineland in Florida. Then, several years ago, she was flown, all expenses paid, to California, where she worked for a while for the Navy at the Point Mugu missile center. About a year ago she moved to Hawaii, where she is doing advanced research under the direction of Dr. Kenneth Norris, Professor of Zoology at UCLA. Although reserved, like any well-traveled porpoise, Alice is chatty and at times outspoken. At the mere drop of a dead smelt in her pool, she is apt to emit a great many sonic and ultrasonic squawks, blats, squeaks, barks and whistles, which probably carry a world of meaning to other porpoises but are largely wasted on Dr. Norris, whose ears and mind are not sophisticated enough for such gabble.

Despite the language barrier that separates them, Alice has been helping Dr. Norris to understand how porpoises use their ears as a second pair of eyes. The U.S. Navy wants to know and so do the National Institutes of Health, which have the interest of the nation's 400,000

blind at heart. Blind people today can guide themselves only by crudely rapping a cane on pavement, and even the most precise apparatus used by mariners is cumbersome and Neanderthal compared to the exquisite sonic system built into the porpoise Alice. By the use of man-made systems, a submarine can be spotted even when lying silent on the sea floor, but it cannot be identified or easily distinguished from the wreckage of a ship that sank in some forgotten year.

By contrast, when Alice is blindfolded, if a single BB shot is dropped into the pool she will know it. If a dead fish is thrown in, she can tell where it landed without seeing it and can recognize that it is worth eating. If two steel balls of about baseball size are silently lowered into her pool, Alice can locate both and distinguish between them even if there is no more than a quarter-inch difference in their diameters. In brief, by sound alone, she can not only find an object but also tell a great deal about its size, shape and composition.

Fishermen have suspected for some time that porpoises can reach beyond the limits of their eyes from the way they avoid fine-mesh nets in murky water. In the 1950s, in a painstaking series of tests, Dr. Winthrop Kellogg, a psychologist at Florida State University, tried to make porpoises run into submerged obstacles. He used sunken panels of transparent plastic and a maze of iron poles that barely allowed porpoises room to make a decent turn, but even when he shafted the obstacles about surreptitiously on dark, moonless nights in water of less than one-foot visibility the porpoises had no trouble staying clear.

Five years ago Dr. Norris and a research team of men and porpoises took up about where Dr. Kellogg left off. At present Norris is fairly certain that, by using its skull bones as reflectors and using special tissues as acoustical lenses, a porpoise puts out a broad band of frequencies of varying intensity in a wide arc forward of its head. While transmitting, the porpoise is also receiving and

evaluating a hodgepodge of rebounding signals, so that at every moment it has a mental picture of what lies around it.

In his most recent tests with the porpoise Alice, Dr. Norris has discovered that the lower jaw of the bottlenose porpoise is a very important part of its ultrasonic receiving system. When Alice's lower jaw was covered with a foam-rubber guard that high-frequency sound could not penetrate, she had difficulty locating and identifying familiar objects. When wearing the soundproof chin guard, Alice increased the volume of her signals until the lower-frequency components could be heard by Dr. Norris above water—in effect, she yelled at the top of her lungs trying to overcome her ultrasonic blindness. In future tests Alice will wear ultrasonic "blinders" on other parts of her head and beak. By analyzing Alice in this way, piece by piece, cheek by jowl, Norris is inching toward the day when men may move in the dark as easily as porpoises have been doing for many millions of years.

Like the tribes of man on land, the various species of porpoises in the sea world differ greatly in their behavior and disposition. Last summer one of the pools at Sea Life Park was occupied by a rowdy career porpoise named Kai, a member of the species commonly called rough-tooth, or Steno. Although a Steno is a true porpoise, in body and soul it seems more to be some kind of archaic saurian renegade that has saum out of the dark ages, defying all the laws of evolution and battling all the way. Although Kai, the Steno, is only half Alice's age, he is already scarred from head to tail as if he had spent his finest hours brushing with a switchblade. While a gentle, bottlenose *gracile dowe* like Alice is often content to spend a lifetime in the quiet shallows of an estuary, a Steno like Kai prefers the wide, deep sea beyond the 1,000-fathom line. That is where the action is, and that is where Stenos really live it up.

Whenever a human approached his pool last summer, instead of merely

continued



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rolling on the surface and flashing a big smile (as gentle Alice does), Kai often leaped six feet in the air. Then, instead of reentering the water as neatly as he left it, he would do a half twist and land flat, thus (ha-ha!) drenching everyone within 15 feet. Often Kai would hang vertically, his tail on the surface, head down, as if fascinated by nothing at all on the pool bottom. Whenever a trainer slapped the water to advise Kai that it was time to work, if Kai was not of a mind to work he merely righted himself and slapped the water with his tail, signifying, "To hell with you." Then he would resume a vertical position and continue staring at the bottom. "Kai was a complete slab," Dr. Norris recalls. "He bit everybody until we convinced him that he could do important work."

By early last fall Kai had been so convinced that he could help the human cause that he would obediently follow a boat out into deep water, where, on cue, he would depress a lever on the side of the boat and start a clock that turned on a sonic transmitter attached to a hoop that dangled 100 feet or more below the surface. As soon as he heard the sound in the depths, Kai would swim down through the hoop, breaking a light beam and thereby stopping the clock.

Sperm whales are known to dive deeper than half a mile, and small bottlenose porpoises can, for sure, dive 350 feet. Although there is no reliable evidence as yet, it is believed that a sleek, restless Steno like Kai can easily dive deeper than 600 feet. From a few tests conducted with Kai last fall, Dr. Norris knows that a Steno can dive 135 feet in a mere 15 seconds and can do so again and again with precious little rest. Unfortunately, although Kai seemed obliging enough during the initial tests, the call of the wild was still in him. In the late afternoon of the fifth day of tests Kai took it on the lam. When last seen in the gathering dusk, he was chasing a school of flying fish, still wearing his plastic carter-porpoise tag (No. 33) on his dorsal fin. No doubt Kai, old No. 33, is still out there somewhere, having a ball, roughing it up and gathering more scars. This coming summer, by hanging instruments on other Stenos converted to the human cause, Dr. Norris hopes to find out not only how deep and how fast they dive, but also how they do so on a single lungful of air, penetrating to pressures that would crush a free-diving

continued

How to improve mixed drinks

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unusually smooth, superb liquor . . . and he named it Southern Comfort. The formula for this 100-proof liquor remains a family secret to this day, its delicious taste still unmatched by any other liquor on the market. Try a bottle, see how good it tastes straight, on the rocks and in highballs.

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PORPOISES *continued*

man. Since Navy men are now living in the sea, exposing themselves to all the whims of pressure, the Navy would like to know how the Sience got away with it.

Last summer, while the gentle porpoise Alice was performing miracles in sonic darkness and the wild one, Kai, was learning to behave, in Kaneohe Bay on the east coast of Oahu two Pacific spotted porpoises, Haina and Nuha, were making speed runs over straight, measured courses, clocking up to 21 knots. No one genuinely knows how fast porpoises can go, although sea captains will swear that, while cold sober, they have seen porpoises pass their ships doing better than 30 knots. Even if the 21-knot clockings of Haina and Nuha are the limit, physiologists and hydrodynamic experts are still confounded. It means that porpoises are somehow reducing the drag of the water far better than they seem designed to do. If they are not using superhydrodynamics beyond human comprehension, then in some equally perplexing way they are getting seven times more power from their muscles than other mammals can. Today, to be sure, there are ships and submarines that exceed 21 knots, but they all use very elaborate machinery and expensive fuel. The Navy would like to know how such a compact bundle of energy as a porpoise can move so fast while burning only 18 pounds of fish a day.

In the past six years the Office of Naval Research, the National Science Foundation, the National Institutes of Health, the Air Force Office of Scientific Research and other agencies have spent well over half a million dollars exploring the superhuman bodies and bright minds of sea mammals. A good bit of this money has supported the work of Dr. John Lilly, who for the past 10 years has been the foremost champion of better understanding between man and porpoise. In an attempt to find some common ground on which men and porpoises might meet and communicate, Dr. Lilly has persuaded porpoises to alter their "voices," lowering some of their sounds into the frequency range of the human ear while emitting what at least is a mimicry of human speech. In a program somewhat different from that of Lilly, using recording equipment of the sort any hi-fi buff can throw together in his rumorm room for a mere \$30,000, William Evans, an acoustical expert of the Norris research team, has been analyzing the

normal vocalization of porpoises. The cryptographs of porpoise talk that Evans has plotted so far resemble the shorthand of a stenographer who has barely survived three martinis at lunch, but from behavior tests during which such scratchings were recorded it seems certain that porpoises have some kind of language. Porpoise talk may not have the windy eloquence of human speech, but tests suggest that it is far superior to the barking, braying and chattering of other animals.

At the U.S. Naval Missile Center at Point Mugu, a bottlenose porpoise named Tuffy now serves as bodyguard and delivery boy. If a diver down 250 feet wants a left-handed monkey wrench from topside, he need only beep on a sonic transmitter and good old Tuffy will bring it to him in less time than it takes a human diver to get into his gear. As if the porpoises were not reinforcement enough, another old gang of theatrical hams, the sea lions, are now getting into the scientific swim. Several years ago at Point Mugu a sea lion named Roxy—who also performs onstage, as her name implies—proved she could dive 260 feet in less than a minute. When a sonic pinger was hidden at a depth of 30 feet, anywhere in a 100-foot radius in murky water, Roxy could find it in less than 20 seconds. On one occasion, when Roxy got bored and refused to play such a simple game of fetch it, human divers had to recover the pinger. It took them eight hours to find it.

In the suburban community of Tucson Park West in southern Arizona, where at one time even a chuckwalla had trouble making ends meet, today the barking of sea lions echoes from the dry and timeless hills. Although there are now several sea lions working in the Arizona desert, most of the barking comes from one frenetic young female named Moki, who is no smarter than the average sea lion but is nonetheless very important. In the strict terminology of psychologists, Moki is "very highly food-motivated," which is merely a clumsy way of saying she will do anything for a piece of fish. On command Moki retrieves objects, pokes buttons, turns on lights, swims through hoops and performs other feats that are not in themselves extraordinary, but while doing them Moki is helping to test telemetry equipment that will eventually be used in experiments involving porpoises, men and other creatures.

continued

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Moki is employed in Arizona by the Sensory Systems Laboratory, a small beehive of human ingenuity that is dedicated to finding ways to measure, analyze and simulate the bewildering capabilities of living creatures. If you want an electronic hoop such as the porpoise Kai used in Hawaii; if you need a device to make chicken eggs hatch at a particular time or a method of synthesizing sea-lion milk; indeed, if you have any use for an electrical probe that will penetrate a single nerve cell in a frog's nose; if you want a radio built into a false tooth; or if you need a sonic relay that will control the movements of a free-swimming shark, the man to see is the Sensory Lab's director, a West Pointer named Howard Baldwin, who is one of the leaders in the new science of biological engineering.

Long before there were any engineers like Baldwin, there were, of course, men who tried to make a small profit by imitating nature. These early experimenters usually failed because they were not trained engineers but were simply optimists, like Icarus, who tried to fly like a bird and crashed in a mess of soft wax and feathers. Early men spent a great deal of time fussing with ordinary animals, like dogs and horses, that had little to offer except blind, stumbling loyalty and subservience. The values inherent in wild creatures were largely ignored. Although the porpoise often swam just offshore, it was separated from the human camp by a great chasm of time and philosophical differences. By the time men evolved a complex society, taking on a lot of excess baggage in the process, the porpoise had already traveled far along a different route, avoiding the many oppressions that men heap upon themselves. Packing everything worth having into one large brain, it mastered the art of traveling light.

It is only very recently, when men began occupying the sea in an awkward, landlubberly way, that anyone has really tried to find out what goes on inside a porpoise. Although a few specimens were on display earlier, the porpoise was not even considered an acceptable showpiece in zoos or aquariums until 30 years ago. Porpoises are very playful creatures, and sex is one of their favorite games. In the Victorian and Edwardian years, when a bare ankle was considered an inflammatory object, the sexy porpoises were simply *de trop*. Today children who have never heard about the bees and the flow-

ers can go to any Porpoiseland and get the frank, mammalian truth.

Although it did not occur to them that the porpoise could be of practical value, many men of science and letters recognized 2,000 years ago that it was an extraordinary mammal-fish. Their observations and legends hold as truth today. In the resort town of Opononi in New Zealand there is a statue of a wild porpoise named Opo, which 10 years ago often came into the shallows, not for a handout but only to horse around with adults and to play ball with children and give them rides. In the writings of the ancients—notably the Plinys, Elder and Younger—there are similar accounts. The porpoise was as much admired then as it is today for its playfulness, its sociability and unselfishness and, most particularly, for its intelligence. The porpoise has proved that it has the ability to solve problems better than the apes, to improvise with the alacrity of a desperate rat and to remember like an elephant. It now has quite a reputation as a bright animal—perhaps an inflated reputation. In fact, it is most difficult to weigh the intelligence of the porpoise against that of man or other animals because it differs so in its function and makeup. Indeed, any comparison is as meaningless as comparing the diverse geniuses of Einstein and Thoreau.

But there is one superhumanoid trait of the porpoise that has fascinated everyone who has observed it closely. Over the years many panhandling animals, smart ones and dumb ones, have been persuaded to join the human camp. The virtues of these domestic panhandlers are, in large part, a product of conditioning and generations of breeding. In contrast, long before the wild porpoise was invited to join up—or was ever seriously considered—it seems to have been reaching across the great chasm, motivated by something more than a dead fish. It was Plutarch 1,900 years ago who first noticed this salient difference. "To the porpoise alone, beyond all others," Plutarch observed, "nature has granted what the best philosophers seek: friendship for no advantage. Though it has no need at all of any man, yet it is a genial friend to all, and has helped many."

Whatever its motives, the porpoise is now in camp, helping us sharpen our wits and weapons. And this, of course, may be the biggest mistake it has made in 40 million years.



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Remember, the enemy is eavesdropping

Bridge bidding is, of course, a conversation. You are trying to tell me what is in your hand, I am trying to tell you what is in mine, and as the talk gets more explicit we both wish we could have some privacy. Unfortunately every word is being overheard by our enemies, and this causes trouble. Consider the Blackwood convention, which is one of the best slam-bidding systems because it reveals so much information to the bidders. Alas, it can also be one of the worst of systems because it may alert the opponents to a profitable double that they could not otherwise risk. The hand below, played during one of the team matches on my recent Orient bridge cruise, illustrates the point.

Both sides vulnerable
South dealer

		NORTH	
WEST		EAST	
		SOUTH	
SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1 ♠	(Goren)	3 ♠	PASS
4 N.Y.	PASS	3 ♠	PASS
5 ♣	DOUBLE	PASS	PASS
PASS			

Opening lead: 7 of hearts

I am a cautious fellow, and it is my theory that it seldom pays to double a slam that the opposition has arrived at voluntarily except as a call for an unusual lead that might be the only way to set the hand. Yet here I was, as West, doubling a slam the opponents had bid with apparent confidence—though my hand could certainly take no more than one trick. The reason for the double was the enemy's Blackwood bidding, which told me too much.

I now knew that my king of spades was safe, because North's five-club response to Blackwood denied holding an ace. My partner must have an ace, because if South had held all four of them he would have continued his Blackwood sequence with five no trump to ask his partner about kings. Similarly, South did not have a void suit, because with a void he would not have used the Blackwood convention. Further, since South must know there was danger of losing two tricks, my double could not be answered with a redouble. Thus there was no possibility of a large loss, even if I failed to find the right opening lead and declarer somehow managed to get rid of his loser in the suit in which my partner held the ace. Finally, there was the chance that declarer might believe my double to be based on something more than logic and might play me for a vital card actually held by my partner.

My heart opening lead did not find partner's ace, but declarer had to give me a trick with the king of spades, and then my diamond lead enabled partner to collect his trick. South was able to trump the second diamond, but he still had to find the queen of clubs. By this time South knew that I did not have to hold the club queen to justify my double, but he decided the odds were I held the queen. The result was a two-trick set worth 500 points.

South was unlucky to misguess the club, to find the king of spades offside and his partner with a worthless king. But he would have escaped at much lower cost if he had bid the slam without checking up on aces. The Blackwood bid was unnecessary, since he had decided to bid six even if an ace was missing, and he could hardly hope to find North with enough to make a grand slam possible.

At the other table our teammates reached the same slam, but without using the Blackwood sequence. They did not make the slam either, and South did not guess the clubs any better. But by refusing to talk about aces in front of eavesdroppers, they saved 300 points.

END



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laugh at bitter cold...with this 365-day system...solid comfort year round!



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You'll be the picture of contentment every day you drive with General Motors four-season climate control! The tem-

perature's always comfortable in summer, winter, spring and fall. And with climate control's conditioned air...dirt, pollen and excess humidity are removed. It's refreshing and healthful inside! Everybody stays clean, arrives neat-looking, feeling fine. Find out for yourself how four-season climate con-

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is Ballantine's Scotch?

Ask any bartender.



BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. BLEND OF SCOTCH WHISKY. 40% ALC/VOL (80 PROOF). IMPORTED BY THE HOUSE OF SEAGRAM, INC., N.Y.C.

With the basketball team losing three-fourths of its games, it had been a long, bleak winter. But as spring made slowly for Wahoo, Neb., Athletic Director and All-purpose Coach **Bob Cerv** of tiny, one-year-old John F. Kennedy College held high hopes for his baseball team. That's because 31 men (or one-third of the male enrollment at the still all-freshmen school) turned out for the squad—shades of Wahoo Sam Crawford—and with interest running so high there's no telling how well the JFK Patriots will do. But what had lured the ex-major leaguer to small-town life? "It's home," said Cerv. "The right kind of place to bring up my 10 kids."

While Ambassador **Angier Biddle Duke**, beaming good health, got his feet (and his children) wet in troubled, 59° diplomatic waters (below), Columnist **Art Buchwald** predicted that the nettlesome old hydrogen bomb lost off the coast of Spain will be found very shortly by a surfing club. That, of course, will make the club a nuclear power, and the big question then will be what *they* will do with the blasted thing. "Morty was for setting it off right away just to see what kind of bang it would make," a spokesman will tell the Geneva

conference, "but I said the bomb really belongs to the club." But the club will be hung up on the disposal question; some are for sinking Cuba, others for swapping the bomb for Hawaii and those 19-foot "heavies." Actually, the club spokesman concludes, "We don't know what we want. If we did, we wouldn't be surfers."

Small for her age, perhaps, and still a mite pale and skinny, but there may be a big swimming future ahead for France's **Laurence Vendroux**, the grandniece of **Charles de Gaulle**. Enrolled by her parents in the demanding Racing-Club de France, 11-year-old Laurence has shown such proficiency in the six months she has devoted to serious swimming that already there are mutterings that she may be the new **Kiki Caren**, France's fading Olympic silver medalist. Laurence's first major test comes in the fall when her school will require her to swim the 100-meter crawl in less than 1:45—or get out of the water.

When **Randy Matson** began to play basketball at Texas A&M last fall, some cynics said that as a basketball player he had the makings of a fine shotputter. But last week Southwest Conference

basketball writers named him the sophomore player of the year. Surprised me, too, said Matson—who a few days later was back putting the shot.

Aside from an incipient headache from trying to remember which hat he had on, **Dan Drysdale** seemed unfazed. Speaking as **Luber**, he continued to demand his rights and a three-year contract with the Los Angeles Dodgers worth half a million dollars. Speaking as **Matteagament**, he said the AFL-CIO organizers picketing his Dupont restaurant in Van Nuys, Calif. in demand of a union contract and 18¢ worth of fringe benefits were wasting their time.

Stamping Florida to build up interest in his new AFL franchise, the Miami Dolphins, **Danny Thomas** made a dozen speeches, in most of them forgetting about football. In one, for example, he talked about his wedding, his family, his furniture and his TV sponsor—while in the rear of the hall his partner in the Dolphin enterprise made frantic passing and kicking motions. Said Thomas in conclusion: "We have spoken today of family, philosophy, religion and charity. My partner reminds me we are here to sell football tickets. Remember, thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. And I am your neighbor."

Traditionally at the University of Mississippi, football players who have completed their eligibility assist with the freshman team. Excused from such duty this year is ex-Quarterback **Jim Weatherly**, who since football season ended has spent most of his free time building a singing career and very little of it having his hair cut. The way the Ole Miss athletic-department mind sees it, your clean-cut boy is your crew-cut boy. Weatherly doesn't qualify.

Eyes around these past six months, American League Umpire **Ed Runge** steadily steered himself through the dimly lit world of

contemporary music as a record plunger and emerged last week blinking but convinced it was a beautiful part-time life. Runge, in his 40s, found the work rewarding once the lingo barrier between him and southern California disc jockeys had been hurdled. "When I started out," he says, "I didn't know what they were talking about half the time." For which good reason it will be refreshing for him to be back on the diamond where "swingiest" describes Mickey Mantle and "go-go" is what they scream at Bert Campaneris.

In a tapestried, chandeliered salon in Paris, Olympic slalom champion **Christine Gotschel** (below) happily chose the dress she would wear next month to marry her trainer, Jean Béranger. But a few days later, while standing beside a *pièce* in Mirel, Christine was bowled over by a runaway skier, wound up in a heap with her right leg broken in two places—her only accident on a ski slope after 15 years of competition. Last week, propped up in plaster, Christine watched sister Marielle make ready to depart for the U.S. and three international ski meets. "Cheer up," said Marielle. "The cast is white—it won't go badly with your wedding gown."



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That's right. A razor blade.

A new razor blade from Gillette.

A blade that does things for your beard, or perhaps we should say against your beard, that no stainless steel blade could ever do before.

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You know what they are.

They're aspirins.

Good old aspirin. The savior of mankind for sixty-five years. And to this day, they don't know how aspirin works. It's still a mystery.

That's where this new Gillette razor blade comes in.

Baked onto its cutting edge is a miracle plastic known as a solid fluoracarbon polymer.

When you bake a film of this plastic onto the edge of a razor blade, something mysterious takes place: You can slice through your beard with a

fraction of the pull you would feel if the same blade didn't have the coating.

You have to experience it to believe it.

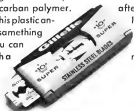
But even Gillette, which invented this type of blade, and has a patent on it—even Gillette can't explain why it works.

This solid fluoracarbon polymer is fantastic stuff. (It's closely related to the coating they use on the non-stick frying pans.)

It has many secrets, and it gives them up grudgingly.

After working with this substance for years, Gillette has found a way to make it behave on the edge of a razor blade. It is a microscopically thin film, extremely smooth and hard, and it stays on the blade edge to do its job for shave after shave.

If you would like to try this blade, ask for Gillette's new Super Stainless. Like aspirin, it is one of the sweet mysteries of life.



a razor blade.



A pittance for a world champion

A lot of money went into the Calcutta pool for the world championship of live-pigeon shooting last month in Mexico City, but only \$40 of it bought the winner, who shot a perfect match and killed 57 straight birds

Live-pigeon shooting was started by Englishmen of the leisured class back in the late Victorian era. In those days blue-rock pigeons were a scourge in the home counties, and farmers, in order to save their crops, trapped the birds in nets and then killed them. Some fast-thinking sportsman, whose name is not recorded, saw a solution to the farmers' problem and a chance for some early shooting for himself and his friends before the legal shooting season opened in mid-August. The sportsman hit on the idea of hiding one pigeon under each of five silk hats that were disposed symmetrically in an open field. At the shooter's command one of his companions would jerk a string attached to one of the hats, allowing the pigeon to escape. Since double-barreled shotguns were used for shoot-

ing in England, it was natural for each competitor to get two shots at his bird. Their contemporaries nicknamed these sporting squires "The Top Hats," and the sport caught on. Eventually, in a much more sophisticated form, it became popular on the Continent, too. The hats were replaced by boxes, the shooting field was encircled by a fence, and a set of rules was devised. Fundamentally, these were the same rules used at the 30th world-championship match that was held in February at the Club de Tiro de Pichon de Mexico in Mexico City.

This was the first time a world championship match was staged in the Western Hemisphere, and the home hemisphere was well represented, with the U.S. sending the largest contingent (168)

and Mexico running next with 107. In all, there were 348 entries who came from 13 countries.

It was a three-day affair with \$25,000 at stake, the winner getting \$3,000. In pigeon shooting there is no nonsense about amateur standing: everybody is cheerfully in it for the money as well as the fame. Also in it for the money—and excitement—are the spectators, who are an ardent lot of bettors, not because of the amounts they bet, which are modest enough for the most part, but in the voracious way they go about it. The shouting of the bettors is to the pigeon shoot as the calliope is to the circus parade. The tune is a simple one of odds being called for a gunner to kill his bird. A bettor holding one hand palm up might call, "Four," meaning he will give 4 to 1 the gunner will kill. Another bettor who likes the odds and wants the action will shove a ball into the hand, and the bet is struck.

Bettors who do not know a shooter's ability from personal experience may get a line from the price his backers paid for him in the Calcutta pool. But the bidding in Calcutta pools is most often influenced by emotion and alcohol. This was proved to a fare-thee-well in Mexico: the Italian, Giovanni Bodini, went for the top price of \$650, Francis Eisenlauer (U.S.) for \$500, Homer Clark (U.S.) for \$450. Far beneath this top layer of talent lurked the ultimate winner, Leon Bozzi of Argentina, who was bought for \$40.

Under the international rules each competitor in a world championship remains in the match until he has missed four birds, unless the entry is 250 or more guns, in which case only three misses are allowed. So this year the three-misses-and-out rule was in effect.

To start his round each gunner inserts a plastic token—which he purchases for each bird he shoots—in an electronic



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box located inside the ring. The token activates the electronic circuit, and the machine selects the trap from which the pigeon will fly. The gunner then walks down a narrow concrete path to his mark. In this match the mark was 27 meters from the center trap. When the shooter says, "Pull," the sound of his voice trips the release, and his bird is out of the box and away. He has two shots to kill the bird, and the bird must fall inside the 31½-inch-high fence that encloses the range. In the last few years it has been the rule rather than the exception for the winner of the world championship to finish with no misses. Homer Clark was the first man to finish with a perfect score. He did it in 1949, when the contestants shot 20 birds and then had a sudden-death miss-and-out to break a tie. Today the contestants shoot 25 birds, then a series of 10 birds if tied. If two or more men are still tied, a miss-and-out series is shot from the 28-meter mark.

Ramon Estalella of Spain drew No. 1 slot this year, and he killed the first bird of the tournament. At day's end 310 contestants remained after the fourth bird.

After three days of shooting only seven men had withstood the pressure of the competition and the yelling of the bestors to kill 25 straight birds: Italy's Bodini, four Americans, John Broughton, Rudy Etchen, George Ross and Johnny Downes; Alejandro Ramirez, a Mexican; and Argentina's Bozzi.

Ross and Downes were out at the end of the 10-bird shootoff and then there were five. It was hot and airless, and the birds were not flying very fast when the sudden-death shootoff began. The pressure surrounding the five men was a tangible thing. Even the bestors were carrying on their serious business in mutters rather than shouts. As the tired gunners bore down, their manner of shooting became more stylized and characteristic.

Bodini, a slight 5 feet 4, walked slowly to the 28-meter line, taking off the dark glasses that he wore except when shooting. He was expressionless. He opened his gun, loaded it, adjusted his hat and wiped his hands on the skirt of his jacket. Mounting his gun, he pressed the butt twice against his shoulder to set it firmly. After the command, "Pull," the crash of the opening box hardly seemed to have sounded when the double crack of the shots was heard. The bird was a crumpled handful of feathers, not 10 feet away from the opened box. Bodini turned back to

continued

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SHOOTING *continued*

his seat inside the shooters' enclosure and slumped, stooping even when he sat down. No emotion of any kind was visible on his face.

John Broughton came up, an older man, calm. He moved very deliberately to the line, loaded without flourishes, mounted his gun, dropped it a bit and calmly surveyed the semicircle of traps, mounted it again and called for his bird. His first shot seemed a trifle slower than Bodini's, but he killed just as well.

Rudy Etchen, a tall, blond, husky man built like a college fullback 20 years after, was dressed in the height of shooting fashion. He took his time. Etchen had been in a thousand shootoffs, had won a thousand prizes; pressure is an enemy so familiar as to be almost a friend. He was very careful about the placement of his feet; once they were settled he held the Purdey in his left hand and flipped his right arm up to settle the right sleeve of his shooting coat, grasped the pistol grip again and started to bring up the shotgun slowly. The box crashed open, the bird moved a few feet and disappeared in a puff, hit in the center of a tight pattern. He fired the second shot automatically—it is unnecessary, but no real pro will take chances with a pigeon that may be worth \$3,000.

The next man, Alejandro Ramirez, was slim, youthful, quick-moving. He did not fuss in his preparations to shoot. He loaded rapidly, closed the gun, brought it up and shouldered it in one sweeping movement, nodding only to press his cheek against the stock to achieve a perfect gun mount. He shot at about Etchen's speed with a quick, effective second barrel that caught the bird falling in the air.

Leon Bozzi was as tall as Etchen but slimmer. His lips were pursed, and there was a grave look about him. He saw a friend or teammate a few yards behind the enclosure of gun racks where shooters stand. His concentration broke and he smiled, then he pursed his lips again and turned toward the shooting field. When he shot, it was with great economy of motion: he took his stand, loaded immediately, gripped the gun with the right hand and brought the left up, closed the gun and mounted it in one motion. He shot very fast, and his second barrel was devastating.

The shooting continued. Bird No. 36, 5 kills. No. 37, 5 kills (Bozzi seemed to miss with the first barrel but recovered

continued



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SHOOTING *continued*

perfectly, as usual); No. 38, 5 kills; No. 39, 5 kills; No. 40, 5 kills, with another apparent first-barrel miss by Bozzi; No. 41, 5 kills (Etchen got no more than a piece of the bird with his first shot, but the second was good); No. 42, 5 kills, Bird No. 43, three kills. It was Ramirez's turn. He drew a bird that flew high and fast to his right, nacked it with the first shot, again with the second—but the pigeon got over the fence and Ramirez went out.

Bird No. 44, 4 kills; No. 45, 4 kills; No. 46, 4 kills; No. 47, 4 kills, No. 48, 4 kills; but now Broughton seemed to be having trouble killing with his first shot. No. 49, 4 kills, No. 50, 4 kills; No. 51, 4 kills. Broughton drew a tremendously difficult bird, a twister from No. 5 box on the extreme right, which he handled perfectly. No. 52, Bodini killed his bird; Broughton got set and called for his. The No. 4 box opened and a bird streaked for the far barrier. He shot a little behind it, and as the bird neared the fence it was hit by an updraft from the ravine and scooted straight up about two feet. Broughton undershot it, and he was out of the running.

Bird No. 53, Bodini up. The high, slightly nasal voice called, "Pull," and the crowd gasped. It was an incredibly difficult pigeon from No. 3 box, the middle one. The bird streaked for the fence, bearing a little to the left and dipping. Bodini missed, and the bird suddenly rose in an angling climb. On his second shot he got a piece of it, but the bird fluttered over the fence. The slight, stooping Cremonese was out.

Bozzi and Etchen were left, the American shooting first. Bird No. 54 (from box 2 for Etchen and the same trap for Bozzi), two kills; No. 55 (from box 5 for Etchen and box 3 for Bozzi), two kills; No. 56 (from box one for Etchen. He missed with the first barrel but killed with the second. Bozzi drew a bird from box 2 that he killed perfectly). He was shooting better than ever. Etchen's bird, No. 57, was a strong pigeon that made a huge spiral to the left, to the rear and to the right, rising all the time. Etchen could not quite get his sights on it, and the bird flew, slightly wounded, over the barrier on the right from side of the field. Bozzi's bird flew straight but very fast from the same box, No. 2; he made a perfect kill and became the champion of the world—a champion who went for 40 bucks and earned \$17,200 for his buyers. **END**



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Standing on the frosty flagstone walk outside his home high on a hill overlooking Bloomington, Ind., Hobart Sherwood Billingsley scans the city below, thrusts his arms heavenward and announces, "Get ready, world, here I come." Armed daily with fresh theories and new vigor, Hobie Billingsley is ready to take on the world. The question is whether the world is ready for Hobie Billingsley.

His particular world is that of competitive diving, an asexual, artistic pursuit that is ridden with classical precepts and fixed ideas. It is into this sacrosanct realm that Billingsley barges with a fistful of radical notions, insisting that "diving is no longer an art, it is now an art and a science."

The wonder is not that Billingsley has survived, for he is a hardy soul, but that he has been so successful while surviving. Rival coaches, who often are vociferous in their denunciation of Billingsley's strange ways, have nevertheless voted him the outstanding coach in the country the past two years. They may not accept all he says and does, yet they respect what he has achieved in his seven years as coach at Indiana University. In the past four years alone, his divers have won titles everywhere—at the AAUs (8), the Big Ten (7), the Macabiah Games (5), the NCAAs (3), the Olympics (2), the University Games (2) and the Pan-American Games (1).

Billingsley's current showpieces are Ken Sitzberger, the defending NCAA champion in both springboard events, and Miss Lesley Bush, who came to Billingsley shortly before the trials for the 1964 Olympic team as a 16-year-old who had been progressing nicely, though not nicely enough to win a major title. Unlike girl swimmers, who often start breaking records shortly after cutting their teeth, most divers do not master even the fundamentals of their art at the age of 16. At the time she joined the Billingsley camp, Lesley Bush had been aiming for the 1968 Olympics. After five weeks with Billingsley she tried out for the 1964 team, almost qualifying in springboard diving and making the team as a tower diver.

Lesley's more presence in the tower competition seemed almost foolhardy ("It's 35 feet up the tower and 135 feet down," Hobie says of this event), yet she won. As convincing as her victory was, a few opposing coaches dismissed it as a

fluke. Her age and her competitive background, they claimed, precluded any possibility of her winning anything in Tokyo, particularly since she would be pitting her limited experience against East Germany's Ingrid Kramer, an exquisite diver who already had two Olympic gold medals hanging around her neck. In Tokyo, Lesley Bush beat Defending Champion Kramer and all the old hands.

Despite Billingsley's successes, the diving world has not taken him to its bosom, largely because, by his own admission, he is very verbose ("I toured Australia for 23 days giving speeches and was never at a loss for words") and very exorable ("once I went to congratulate a diver on winning and ran smack into a wall") and very irascible ("sometimes I get brash, and it's my fault that I don't have any real close friends").

Rick Gilbert, the first prominent performer to come out of the Billingsley school of revolutionary diving four years ago, was disturbed by the shabby treatment accorded his coach at the outset. "I was mad at the way other coaches looked down at him, so I wanted the AAU indoor title for Hobie," says Gilbert, who got mad enough to win. "You'd think they would listen to him and then accept or reject what he had to say, but they wouldn't."

"A lot of people think Hobie is a crackpot," says Bob Clotworthy, 1956 Olympic gold medalist and now coach at Princeton. "I don't think so. He's sort of a renegade, a crusader who will try anything. People resent someone who is progressive, and Hobie is progressive."

Billingsley's progressive thoughts concerning the laws of motion as they apply to diving are the paramount issue in a sport that, before he showed up, had

drifted along as unscientifically as a swan on a summer lake. In his coaching the superstitious Billingsley speaks about linear motion, transitory motion and double-axis displacement so easily and convincingly that one would never suspect he got a 22 on his college physics final.

Billingsley might have remained an orthodox coach except that, while hurriedly walking down the street to nowhere a few years ago, he bumped into Isaac Newton. Since then the world of diving has not been quite the same. "Newton was the greatest diving coach who ever lived," Billingsley says. "When I studied what he wrote I found that I didn't know anything."

After stoking up on the profundity of Newton, Billingsley began dishing it out to his divers, who swallowed it dutifully. Today, instead of orthodox critiques, Billingsley often uses oblique admonitions such as, "Don't weigh 75 pounds when you're on the board," or, "Remember, the shortest line between two distances is a straight point."

A detailed explanation of Billingsley lingo is possible, but no nondiving layman with less than three degrees from MIT can make head or tail of it. Quite simply, like Casey Stengel, Billingsley lives in a verbal world of his own. Somehow, Indiana divers comprehend his advice, or at least they nod their heads as if they do. Or are they simply shaking the water out of their ears?

In this matter of communication, Billingsley has gone yet another step toward total obscurity, using not only scientific mumbo jumbo but also an abbreviated code. He may tell one diver, "If you S-2 it you blow the dive. You have to L-5 it." To another he says, "Give me some MLR instead of some WLR."

continued

A heretic in an arty sport

Defying custom and brandishing wild ideas, Diving Coach Hobie Billingsley has confounded his rivals by producing national champions

Actually, by means of letters and numbers Billingsley is referring to key moves a diver makes through all the phases of a dive—a system that was born during a practice session in 1961, when a diver jokingly called his lateral arm movement his L-5. Before the laughter had subsided, Billingsley recognized that an expanded code would be a time-saver. Now, instead of giving long explanations, he rattles off advice in seconds. For example, when he instructs a diver to L-5 and not to S-2, he is reminding him to bring his arms overhead laterally, not out in front of him.

Many coaches look askance at Hobie's new language. "It's a lot of baloney," says Michigan's Dick Kimball, the 1964 men's Olympic diving coach.

Although his methods are oddball, Billingsley's career has followed a fairly classical pattern. Like two other elite diving masters, Mike Peppe of Ohio State and Dick Smith of Arizona, Billingsley was born hungry and made a lot of his own luck by dedicating himself to diving. One of his predominant boyhood memories is of sneaking through alleys in his home town, Erie, Pa., so that no one would see him bringing home free, government-surplus food. For the sake of something to do when he did

not have 11¢ for a movie, Billingsley went to the local YMCA and learned to dive by studying charts on the walls.

In 1943, as a high school senior, Billingsley placed third at the national championships. A wealthy family in Erie offered to pay his way through college if he went to Michigan. Billingsley went instead to Ohio State, where Mike Peppe, whose pupils dominated diving for a quarter of a century, refused him a scholarship but told him, "Come here and I'll make you a champ." Billingsley worked his way through Ohio State and, competing as a freshman under World War II rules, won both the NCAA one- and three-meter titles.

"Kiputhu, the Yale coach, came to me after I won and said he heard that I wanted to enter the ministry," Billingsley recalls. "He asked me if I would like to come to the Yale Divinity School and I said, 'Is tomorrow too soon?'" As it turned out, "tomorrow" was several days too late. The Army had already called Billingsley.

After the war Billingsley completed his studies at Ohio State and earned his master's at the University of Washington. In 1952 he married the former Mary Drake and, since high school teaching and coaching hardly paid for the di-

pers (there were soon three little Billingsleys), he began doing comedy diving routines, teaming up with the late Bruce Harlan, also a national champion from Ohio State.

In the summers, wearing baggy clown suits and funny faces, Billingsley and Harlan barnstormed around the country, and here and there in the world beyond, diving in good pools and bad pools, and occasionally where there was no pool at all. When they went to Vermilion, Ohio they dove off a barge cruising down the mucky Vermilion River, synchronizing their dives to the swaying of the barge. In 1959 Harlan, a superb competitor and accomplished clown, was killed while dismantling their apparatus after a show.

With or without fancy Newtonian notions and timesaving codes, Billingsley doubtless would have succeeded because he came to recognize—here again, like Peppe and Smith—the very human First Law and Corollary of the art of diving. The Law: a coach must be able to persuade a diver that he, the coach, and diving, the sport, are worthwhile. The Corollary: one good diver so persuaded will attract other good divers.

When Billingsley went to work as coach at Indiana, he had only four so-called divers on his roster and had to scrounge up a corner in the crowded gym for them to practice on the trampoline. To keep his boys from injury when they landed wrong, Billingsley held fast to a rope that ran from overhead pulleys to their safety belt. When divers crash-landed they pulled the rope down and jerked Hobie upward, battering his head against the overhanging balcony.

When he finally led his divers to the water, they got the bruises, either from colliding with swimmers in the overpopulated pool or from banging their heads on the low ceiling. After gingerly feeling the lumps on their skulls and deciding that they were more interested in longevity than in fame, the four divers quit the team.

It was a calamitous first season, and Billingsley, often given to introspection, blamed himself for being "too hard-nosed with the kids." Realizing that he had at times been as grumpy as a hibernating bear, Billingsley changed his ways. From then on if Hobie laid down any law at all, it was usually Newton's, and what evolved was a program that might best be described as Grin and Bear It.



DURING PRACTICE BILLINGSLEY GIVES JOHNSON ADVICE TO DIVER INGE PERTWEYR

Remember when Background Music was expensive and strictly for "Big Business"?

Billingsley, the reformed, relaxed coach, now skitters around poolside, flapping his arms, contorting his pliable face, spouting Newtonian theory and occasionally falling into the pool. The new Billingsley sometimes speaks softly, sometimes loudly, shouting the length of the pool one moment and, the next, whispering nose to nose, at times like teacher to pupil, at times like father to son.

Drivers frequently are highstrung and, in spite of the relaxed climate that Billingsley has created at Indiana, there have been incidents. One diver chased another around the pool with a hammer until Hobie convinced him that such action might result in an equal and opposite reaction from the strong arm of the law. A second driver took up another form of diving—skydiving—and landed kerplunk on the football field before the homecoming crowd. Another tried to eat all 28 flavors of Howard Johnson's ice cream, reached 22 and turned bright postachio.

It is in his artful dealings with such temperamentalists that the true and extravagant talent of Billingsley has flourished. Yet he realized early that all the theories, all the coaching, all the codes he could muster would not suffice unless he had some talented divers. In 1961 Rick Gilbert, a 17-year-old high school senior from Lancaster, Pa., was the diver whom Billingsley felt he needed to attract other divers to Indiana.

"Gilbert wanted to go to Ohio State, and that put us in a bad spot," Billingsley recalls. "Ohio State had the reputation of being the place for a diver to go. Besides that, we were on probation." (Indiana was on a four-year ban because of football-recruiting violations, a ban that prevented athletes in all sports from taking part in NCAA championships.)

Despite the probation, Gilbert chose Indiana after being assured by diving enthusiasts that Hobie and the Hoosiers were on the way up. Although Indiana divers could not compete in the NAAs, they could in the AAUs. In 1962 Gilbert took the AAU three-meter title "for Hobie"—the first freshman in 23 years to win the event. Thus Billingsley, who had kept the Ohio State dynasty going by winning a championship as a freshman a generation earlier, was repaid in kind. With Gilbert's victory a new dynasty was born at Indiana, and it has been going strong ever since.

END

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Old Johnny Longden, his hail and farewell

After nearly 40 years as a jockey, during which he won a record 8,032 races, the grandfather retired from competition. But not before he gave the fans at Santa Anita a last ride that defeated the Hollywood scripts

Hang up your tack, John Longden,
Hang up your tack and quit.
Hang up your tack, John Longden,
Pack up your bit and git.

Some years ago Willie Shoemaker sang this parody at the annual jockeys' ball to a man who supposedly was about to retire. But it was not until last Saturday at smog-shrouded Santa Anita that John Eric Longden, the 59-year-old grandfather with more victories than any other jockey in the history of Thoroughbred racing, finally did pack up his bit and git. Before he did, however, he had one last race to ride.

Literally, he had four more, for he had accepted mounts in the fourth, sixth and seventh races, but it was the eighth, the San Juan Capistrano Handicap, that was to be his last, the one that mattered. As was his custom, Longden arrived in the barns by 7 a.m. It was a gloomy morning, with clouds hanging so thick over the track that clockers were unable to catch a number of early workouts. Longden spent the time mingling with exercise boys, grooms, trainers and walkers. "John knows every one of their jobs better than they do," said Joe Hernandez, the announcer at Santa Anita and Longden's first agent in California back in 1931. "He can clean tack, muck out a stall, feed a horse, bandage a cut or walk out a hot horse better than anyone."

To the boys in the barn Longden's attention to detail was not surprising, for they had long regarded him as synonymous with Thoroughbred racing itself. Indeed, to all southern California racing fans Longden has become a legend. His career began in 1927, when Lindbergh was making headlines, when Gene Tunney was heavyweight champion and Willie Shoemaker was not yet born.

Longden himself was born in England and moved to Canada, where he went to work in a coal mine before becoming a jockey at 20. His first stand in California was at Tanforan near San Francisco during the winter season of 1931-32, and he became the meet's leading rider with 54 wins in 51 days. However, it was not until 1936, two years after Santa Anita opened, that Longden came to southern California. On the day after Christmas that year he made Santa Anita's winner's circle for the first time, having ridden a horse named War Letter. In the years that followed, the 4-foot-11 Longden became a giant in southern California horse racing and a millionaire in the process.

Now, on Longden's final day, the mood of the occasion was reflected by a sign posted on the jockeys' board late in the afternoon: "John, Only 969 more [victories] to 7,000. Sure you want to quit?" It was signed "Shoe."

Willie insisted he had not written it. "Well, if it wasn't you," said Longden, "that's the way you'd think, Bill."

There was more levity and friendly conversation in the jockeys' room than there had been in years. Longden, who many thought should be tight, nervous and perhaps a bit impatient with those chronicling his final hours, was more relaxed than ever.

People from every segment of racing stopped by to reminisce—stable hands, patrol judges, owners, trainers and writers. Even President Robert Strub of Santa Anita came by. "John," he said, "they're paying you a great tribute today. We would like to have you come to the directors' room after the ninth race. Come up in your silks. Come up and chat for a minute and have some champagne." Longden thanked him and began to get ready.

In his first race of the day, the fourth, Longden rode the favorite, Chiclero, and beat Bill Hartack on Valiant Man by a head. He was out of the money in the sixth, then finished third in the seventh. It was just 4:30 when Longden marched out of the jockeys' quarters for his last call.

"This is it, John," yelled a seasoned admirer. "Go get 'em."

John flicked his whip in acknowledgment, smiled and walked on.

"Bring him in, John. Win one more," yelled another, as a wave of applause spread over the paddock circle.

Three minutes later, as the call to mount up came, John turned to his wife and friends.

"This is it," he said softly, a warm smile crossing his weathered face. "It's been a long time."

The field, anchored by Longden's horse, George Royal, moved through the tunnel to the track. An ancient, neatly groomed Negro remarked:

"Is he going to try?"

"Man," shot back a friend looking intently at the gnome-like jockey, "he's all try."

As the pink-and-black silks of the Hammett and Hall entry became visible to the crowd, a shattering roar shot out from under the steel deck of Santa Anita.

It was the wish of many, probably most, for Longden and George Royal to win, but the odds on the tote board said otherwise. When it closed at 4:45, George Royal was listed at 6 to 1. Most of the money at the track was on Hill Rise, Cedar Key and Tom Cat.

Much of Longden's riding reputation

continued

WITH A FLOURISH, Longden waves to the crowd after his victory on George Royal.



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"Let's slide down." Grey takes the easy way as he, his mother and baby brother, Tim, descend a Rocky Mountain trail.

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over the years has centered on his amazing ability to outbreak the field at the gate and ride a front-running race. Yet everyone knew that John would never try such tactics in a grueling mile-and-three-quarters race aboard a horse whose only way of running is to come from many lengths off the pace. They were right on that score—but wrong in underestimating the finishing kick still left in an amazing old jockey and the Canadian-bred George Royal.

At the break it was Bobby Ussery aboard Plaque who took the lead, followed by Polar Sea and Bill Hartack. Favorite Hill Rise lay well back, as did Cedar Key, with Shoemaker up. And behind all of them, in last place as the field thundered down the hill to pass the stands the first time, was George Royal. But Longden was readying himself for as masterful a riding performance as he has turned in since those days in 1950 when he rode Neor to phenomenal victories over the great Citation. Skillfully, and with perfect timing, Longden moved George Royal up to seventh place after a mile and to fifth as the weary field went into the far turn. Plaque was still the horse ahead, but Longden caught him at the head of the stretch. From there home it was Longden against Bobby Ussery in a Hollywood finish down the lane in front of the crowd. Then, just as the horses crossed the wire, Longden managed to put George Royal's nose in front. No scribe-writer in the world could have improved the climax.

When George Royal shot across the finish, the noise from the crowd drowned out the public-address system. There was not a disappointed spectator at the track, losers included, nor were there many dry eyes. Longden waved wildly to the sea of faces as he came back in triumph. In the winner's circle for the 6,032nd time, Longden was kissed by his wife Hazel. "What a gratifying win," Longden said. "The greatest race of my life."

As he left the circle for the jockeys' room, two of Longden's contemporaries, Kenny Church and Milo Valenzuela, ran down the tunnel in street clothes to greet him. "Old man," Church said, "you rode the hair off that horse."

Later, jockeys Hank Moreno and Bill Hartack came into the pressroom to ask Longden for his autograph. Shoemaker appeared and threw his arms around his old friend. "John," he said, "you're the greatest."

ENO



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MY FATHER THE THING

BY JOE JARES

A son's fond reminiscence of his dad's colorful career as a professional wrestler (left, bleeding) and of a summer spent with Frank Jares on the road, where Joe learned there are some real dangers involved, too



CONTINUED

Not that it helped me much in childhood frays, but I was the only kid on my block who could boast, with absolutely no fear of contradiction, "My father can lick your father." Frank August Jares Sr. was a professional wrestler, the nastiest, meanest, basest, most arrogant, cheating, bloodthirstiest eye-gouger around. No rule, referee or sense of fair play ever hampered his style. In short, the sort of man a boy could look up to.

In his prime Pop was just a shade under 6 feet tall and weighed 230 pounds, with short brown hair, a neck like a steel pillar, big biceps and ears much more like cauliflowers than rose petals. Most people can fold their ears in half, but Pop's seem to be made of solid gristle and will not bend more than half an inch. He had, and still has

rather thick lips and prominent cheekbones, a Slavic countenance that would fit perfectly in a Warsaw union meeting or the Notre Dame line. His wrestling stage name was Brother Frank, the Mormon Mauler from Provo, Utah, but really he was just Frankie Jares from northside Pittsburgh, the son of a Bohemian butcher from Czechoslovakia and a U.S.-born mother, also Bohemian. He never heard English spoken until he went out on the streets to play with the other kids. At age 12 he had both upper arms decorated with tattoos, and at 14 he was out of school and driving a truck. Naturally, he grew up to be a tough guy, but sometimes a gentle tough guy. He spanked me only twice in my life. Even though he traveled a lot, I thought I knew him, but I actually did not know him well at all until I



As The Thing, he carried a meaner message with his name in spongers and the sound of a rattlesnake inside

Here he is as a younger man, showing off. Before he wrestled, Pop was weight-lifting champ of the Pacific Coast.

Pop was the coarsest, most arrogant, blood-thirsty eye-gouger in the business, but sometimes he got goosed, too



spent one summer with him in Tennessee and Alabama—the summer of 1956.

Pop was Southern Junior Heavyweight wrestling champion, operating out of Nashville (the senior champ, I figured, had to be King Kong, but I never met him). I finished my freshman year at USC in June and flew from Los Angeles to Nashville to join Pop, Mom and Frankie Jr., who were living in a nice trailer park alongside some *Grand Ole Opry* stars and other assorted footloose folk. It was my job to accompany the old man on the southern wrestling circuit—usually Birmingham on Monday, Nashville on Tuesday, Kingsport, on Wednesday, Thursday to Bristol, Friday to Knoxville and Saturday in Chattanooga. After the matches in Chattanooga, we would drive all night back to

Nashville, stopping once on the way at a mountain café for sausage sandwiches and ice-cold milk. Sunday was rest time at the trailer-park swimming pool. Back on the road Monday. "I don't know a single damn highway number," Pop said, "but I can take you to the back door of any arena in the United States by the shortest route."

He told me I was a bodyguard, a ridiculous idea (the only thing I guarded was his precious 1936 Studebaker Golden Hawk, a favorite target of his enemies after the matches). On his brawny arms he had that faded green artwork—a flag, an anchor, a star, a sailor girl, an Indian maiden, a Kewpie doll and so on. The only tattoo that would have fitted on one of my arms was a skinny snake, and not even that if the snake were coiled. Pop often said

continued



At Santa Monica, Pop and two pals pose with prewar surfboards. That's Vic Tanny, the muscle builder, on the right.



A typical scene of anguish. Pop's opponent is Mike Mazurki (right), who later turned character actor.



In his garb as Brother Frank, the Mormon Mauler (right), Pop shakes hands with tag-team partner, Brother Jonathan.

I had arms like garden hoses and a neck like a stack of dimes. He could see better out of his one good eye than I could with my glasses. But we entertained each other, I by listening and he by telling tales of his travels, his brawls, his riots and his bloody third-fall finishes.

For instance, somewhere between Nashville and Blytheville, Ark., he told me about Hawaii. There he had not been Brother Frank, but the Golden Terror, mysterious scourge of the mat. Yellow mask, black sleeveless shirt and, according to irate fans, yellow streak down back. By pulling hair, illegally using the ropes and just generally ignoring the Boy Scout Code, he prevented any good-guy opponent, or "baby face" in the lingo of the trade, from ripping off his cover. Actually, he had such an intricate way of fastening the hood that it would have taken the Pacific Fleet to unmask him. And if it had happened, nobody would have known him anyway. Well, hardly anybody. In his free time Pop wore his own face as he lifted weights and wrestled at the YMCA with various Islanders, including one Harold Sakata (later to become Toshi Togo, the evil Jap ring villain, and, still later, Oddjob in the movie *Goldfinger*). "You know," said one of his friends after a workout, "you're such a good wrestler you should go down and challenge the Golden Terror." Pop felt a little like Clark

Kent, and somehow no one connected the giveaway tattoos.

Of course, there had been other aliases. Pro wrestling is a world of unrelated brothers and Italian noblemen from the Bronx. Every Indian is a chief, every Englishman a lord, every German a Nazi. Pop was once Furious Frank Jans. And Frank Dusak of the roughhouse Nebraska Dussak clan. And Frank Schnabel, brother of that despicable crook, Hans and Fritz. One of his finest gages was The Thing. He used a horrible orange-red dye on the hair on his head and on a new crop of whiskers. He fixed up a wooden suitcase with THE THING printed on it in spangles and a hidden button that could be pressed to bring forth a sound similar to an aroused rattlesnake. He flew to Chicago to make his fortune and was granted an athletic commission license in the name of M. T. Bochs. He strolled the sidewalks of such towns as Gary, Ind. and Racine, Wis. in top hat, elegant topcoat, vest, striped pants and spurs—and that fluorescent hair. Decent citizens who had seen his matches would curse him. "That's just what you are," said one little old lady. "A dirty, dirty thing." Pop smiled politely and said, "Why, thank you." As long as little old ladies had no happens he was polite to them, but he made no fortune and eventually went back to being the plain old Mormon Mauler.

Between southern whistlestops that summer of 1956, as the souped-up Studebaker cruised along at 60 mph and we tried to hit rural mailboxes with empty Dr. Pepper bottles, Pop often talked about wrestling fans, as teaty a group as you can find this side of a Brazilian soccer stadium.

One time in Pico Rivera, Calif., Pop told me, he was walking to the dressing room between bleachers, and a man 12 feet above him reached down to hit him, slipped, fell to the concrete floor and broke his own neck. At various times in the ring Pop had been hit by whiskey bottles, lighted cigarettes and paper clips shot with rubber bands. During a match against Vincent Lopez (not "Lopez speaking") in Redding, Calif., Pop pulled himself under the ropes while flat on his back, a sneaky trick to get the referee to make the baby face let go of his ankle. A ringsider stood up and slashed Pop's forehead with a beer-can opener. The wound took 17 stitches to repair. He also had been stabbed with a knife, cut with a broken mirror and punctured with fingernail files.

In Bremerton, Wash., Pop treated kindly, fan-dealing giant Primo Carnera with something less than minimal courtesy. As he ran the gauntlet on his perilous journey to the dressing room, an indignant woman threw a lighted book of matches that hit his sweaty body with a painful sizzle. He stopped to analyze the woman's ancestry (even Pop could not hit a lady), but between them stepped a belligerent man who said, "That's my wife." Pop slugged him and yelled, "Then teach her better manners." The arena erupted into a riot, and dear old Dad had to stay under police guard in the dressing room half the night.

The fans were really stirred up one night in Bridgeport, Conn., he said. They completely misunderstood Pop's

continued



When the match was over and Pop had to make his way from the ring to his dressing room, the real fighting began.

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THE THING *continued*

gentle nature and were intent on dismembering him. "I know my crowds," he said. "If you don't have the experience, you get killed. You have to jump right into the middle of the milling mob, never go in the opposite direction. A silent crowd is much more vicious. That silent 'heat,' that's the vicious crowd. The punches and scratchers are much less dangerous. They wind up hitting each other most of the time." Well, this night at Bridgeport, Pop was in the middle, all right, and not enjoying it, but he happily sighted a policeman battling his way through the mob. The cop finally made it to Pop's side and then unhesitatingly bashed him over the head with a billy club.

At the Wilmington (Calif.) Bowl in the mid-'40s Pop and his original partner, Brother Jonathan (who was really from Utah), won a tag-team match and were chased around the building by an angry pack of sailors intent on seeing justice done. The Brothers made it into the dressing room finally, but one sailor made it inside before they got the door locked. Another wrestler held the sailor and said, "Here he is, Frank." Pop walked toward him with fist cocked, and the poor man collapsed in a faint.

Then there was South Gate, Calif. For 32 straight weeks, Pop recalled, he and Wee Willie Davis took on and defeated all comers, each week with some nefarious tactic. Their favorite play was to have Willie, a huge man, slowly back up into his own corner so Pop, standing outside the ropes, could reach through his legs and yank the opponent's legs out from under him. There were 27 sellouts in those wild 32 weeks. After a while the South Gate police refused to respond to any more riot calls, so Promoter Frank Pasquale had to hire his own guards.

One night after the South Gate chaos Pop was driving through East Los Angeles when he was forced off the road by four men in a jalopy. They were going to teach Brother Frank some manners. They got him as he was halfway out the driver-side door and beat and stomped him until he got away by rolling under the car. Pop was so furious he went out and bought a pistol, stashing it in his

glove compartment for the right moment. Nothing happened the next week, although he and Wee Willie were as wicked in victory as ever. But two weeks later the quartet forced his car over at almost exactly the same spot. Pop leaped out of the car brandishing the pistol like Jesse James (not the Houston wrestler Jesse James, but the outlaw). Three of the attackers jumped back into their car and sped away, with Pop emptying the pistol into their trunk. The fourth was so scared he fled across a field, leaving one of his shoes in the middle of the street. Pop twisted the shoe into a useless hunk of leather and ended his gang-slugging career the next day by tossing the weapon onto the sea.

At Long Beach's civic auditorium, he told me, a drunken fan once climbed up on the ring apron and hit him behind the neck. Pop shoved him off, as a man would shoo a fly. A woman sitting at ringside claimed the man landed on her, and she sued the arena. Pop and everybody else in sight. She lost the suit (because, luckily, the match had been kinescoped and the jury could see for itself what happened), but it still cost Pop more than \$500 in legal fees. After the trial a man in the courtroom, the very same one who had climbed onto the apron, walked up and apologized. He did not offer to pay Pop's lawyer.

Of course, antagonizing the customers was the whole idea, Pop explained, so you had to expect a little jab from a fanginal life once in a while. On those long rides between little towns he told me about "finishes," building up the "heat" to just the right temperature until the arena seemed ready to explode, then ending the match in some super-duper, slambang manner guaranteed to bring all the people back the following week for a sequel.

There was this time down in Panama, where he was known as Hermano Frank, a holy man from Utah with seven wives. He wanted to be a heel, as usual, but the Panamanians loved everything he did and he gradually became, much to his chagrin, a baby face

continued



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(just imagine The Joker helping Batman catch crooks). He taught a husky sailor, Strangler Olson, how to "work" (throw fake punches, apply harmless step-over soelds, etc.) and play the villain's role.

For the big finish Strangler was to throw Pop out of the ring and be disqualified, thereby setting up a juicy return match. To make it look better, Pop had a razor blade carefully secreted in the waistband of his trunks. During the inevitable confusion at ringside he was supposed to cut himself just slightly on the forehead. It would not hurt any more than running a fingernail over the skin, but it would look as bad as a battle wound. However, Pop could not find the blade and used the next handiest thing, a bottle cap lying nearby. He stood up with a face full of gore, and the fans went berserk, attacking poor Olson like maniacs.

"The crowd was beating the poor guy to death," said Pop. "I figured I had to save his life. So I started screaming, 'Let me at him! I'll kill him! Let me at him!' The mob parted and allowed me to get to him. I pretended to beat him right into the dressing room and the door slammed safely behind us."

Sonja finishes were more goofy than bloody. In San Bernardino, Calif., Pop and a cohort were wrestling the Dirty Duseks in an all-heel main event. A moth landed in the center of the ring, so he put up his hand and stopped the match with silent-movie pantomime. Very slowly he leaned over and tried to pick up the delicate little moth and, naturally, it fluttered up and away. In awe he looked up and watched its flight. Then boom, that dirty Emil Dusek sprang from his corner, socked Pop on his smiting chin, knocked him cold and won the bout.

That summer in the South had its share of crazy adventures, too. Pop had been on his way to Charlotte, N.C. and was supposed to stop off in Tennessee just to help out the local bookers for a couple of weeks. The couple of weeks stretched into nearly two years. He quickly won the Southern Junior Heavy-

weight belt from Sonny Myers in Birmingham in 1955 and from several other guys in several other cities. It was such a big territory that nice little "bills" could be raised in practically every town. Pop kept the big, fancy belt in the trunk of his car and wore it into the ring for big matches. Baby faces loved to grab it away and chase Pop around the ring bludgeoning him with it. He won a big trophy in Memphis, then promptly broke it over the Mighty Atlas' head. The belt stood up under the punishment, though, and made a dazzling prop.

Pop was wrestling Spider Galento in Chattanooga one night, and it was sort of a contest between them to see who the crowd hated the most. In such instances the people usually pick a favorite, and he is forced into being honorable and decent. Galento entered the ring first and by a series of struts and poses had the fans despising him immediately. So Pop came into the ring and showed off his ill-gotten belt. Still, the crowd obviously hated Spider more. So Dad shouted up to the Negro section, way up in the back, that he was tired of their being deprived and he was going to give them a close look at his belt. He did just that, delaying the start of the match 14 minutes as he slowly wandered among them. By the time he got back in the ring the whites hated him as much as if he had sung *The Battle Hymn of the Republic* over the loudspeaker.

New Good-Guy Galento proceeded to please the white portion of the crowd by punishing Brother Frank with good, honest holds. In a few minutes even the Negroes were back hating my evil father. At one point Galento had Pop by the throat and, in the time-honored wrestler's pantomime, asked the Negro gallery if he should hit him. "Yes," they screamed. Then he asked the lower balcony. "Yes," they screamed. Then the ringsters. "Yes," they screamed, in a frenzy of anticipation for the delicious moment. But when he asked the vendor selling Cokes at ringside, Pop came alive and did the slugging himself. "What the hell," muttered Spider during the next quiet headlock. "can't you wait until I get my heat?"

The riots in Knoxville, Pop's most

rom/land

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(Gary Player has just completed one of the most amazing years in the history of golf. Playing his Shakespeare Fiberglas Wonder-Shafts, he added the 1965 U.S. Open title to his earlier P.G.A., Masters and British Open

crowns—becoming the third golfer of all time to complete golfing's career "Grand Slam." In addition, he won the World Series, Canada Cup, South African Open, World Match Play and Australian Open.)

Player: I like WonderShafts very much indeed. There is no question that they have helped to improve my game—both off the tee and around the green. I think they can help anyone to play a better game of golf.

Machlan: They certainly should . . . in the same way that steel shafts improved the game when they replaced hickory. Then, steel was the modern material with the advanced physical properties. Now, Fiberglas® is.

Player: They have a completely different feel. I think you can stay with the ball longer with Fiberglas, which is very important. The longer you stay with the ball, the better you hit it and the better you control it. I mean you tend to add distance, and you have better control over more kinds of shots—low hook, high hook—that sort of thing. And I think this is due primarily to this different feel that Fiberglas has.

Machlan: The "feel" that Gary mentions is the result of an inherent physical characteristic of Fiberglas—its ability to dissipate shock. That is, Fiberglas absorbs energy, while steel does not. When the clubhead hits the ball, a discernible "S"-

shaped shock wave travels instantly up a steel shaft, jolting the hands backwards.



Stroboscopic proof. Left: steel shaft; right: Fiberglas shaft. Both shafts have been painted, so that jagged paint chips will show effect of shock as it runs up to hands. Note: (1) S-shaped distortion of steel shaft after impact, as compared with relatively undistorted Fiberglas shaft; (2) flight of paint chips at hand level on steel shaft, as compared with none at same level on Fiberglas shaft

With Fiberglas, this shock wave is absorbed *before* it reaches the grip; and the hands don't move at all. The result is not only better "feel," but better follow-through as well. And, of course, better follow-through produces better golf shots.

Player: One thing I've noticed is that, on iron shots, I'm able to hit the ball higher and get more backspin, so that my approach shots hit and stay put.

Machlan: Again, there is a physical explanation. Partly, of course, it's the fact that the absence of recoil shock makes for better follow-through. But there is another factor, too.

In the downswing, the inertia of the clubhead causes a twisting in the shaft. This twisting sets up energy which a steel shaft can not absorb. The result is oscillation—twisting, untwisting, twisting, untwisting—which causes the clubhead to flutter throughout the swing . . . sometimes by as much as 20°. The important point is that the head is still fluttering when it meets the ball.

With the Fiberglas shaft, this does not occur. Energy is dumped almost instantaneously; and the clubhead is properly aligned at the point of impact. The result would show up in better control, a more

consistent trajectory and, again, in smoother follow-through.



Graph shows head flutter (in degrees from true plane). Top: steel shaft; bottom: Fiberglass shaft. Note that flutter with Fiberglass is never as great—has completely disappeared at point of contact.

Player: The extra height I mentioned is very important. In fact, this is a fault with most weekend golfers—they don't hit their iron shots high enough. Again, it's "feel." And I've noticed the same thing about putting with a Fiberglass shaft.

Maclean: It's true that the shaft would have an effect on putting; and it goes back to shock absorption. Remember that no matter how gently you stroke a ball, there is always a certain amount of recoil energy to be dissipated. Fiberglass absorbs it; and without hand shock, you get the sensitive feel and smooth follow-through you need for effective putting.

Player: Then, there's something rather difficult to describe. You notice it particularly on distance shots—a sort of feeling of extra power. It does show up in distance, too.



Maclean: This results both from the nature of Fiberglass and from the construction of the Shakespeare Fiberglass WonderShaft. Better than half-a-million glass fibers are bonded in parallel into a double-built tubular shaft—with the fibers running lengthwise on the shaft around a central spiral Fiberglass wall.

As I pointed out earlier, this shaft absorbs reaction energy almost immediately. Consequently, the action energy created in the swing is not wasted in an attempt to compensate for it; and more action energy is delivered to the ball on impact.

Player: You know, I keep hearing a criticism of Fiberglass that doesn't jibe with my personal experience at all. People who haven't tried the WonderShaft tend to criticize it for being too supple, or "whippy." I don't find this true.

Maclean: It isn't true. The Fiberglass WonderShaft can be—and is—made in exactly the same flexes as steel. There isn't an iota of difference.

Player: Finally, I can't help being impressed by the strength of the WonderShaft. And its durability.

Maclean: It's a fact that Fiberglass is more durable than steel. It can't assume a fixed bend, can't kink or rust—and it is completely unaffected by temperature extremes. It also has a far greater flexural strength—that is, its resistance to breakage when it strikes a solid object is far greater than that of steel. There is every reason to believe that WonderShafts should outlast steel shafts.

One final note—Fiberglass is safer, too. Its shock-absorbing effect makes it safer for golfers with back problems; and the fact that it will not conduct electricity makes it safer for all rainy-day players.

Player: One last word from me, too. Choose the right flex. Shakespeare Fiberglass WonderShafts come in regular and stiff flexes. Try them; and pick the one that's right for your game.



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THE THING *continued*

lucrative payoff town, sometimes started as he entered the ring, depending, of course, on how vile he had been to the hero last week. He usually needed a riot-squad escort to make it back to the dressing room after the matches. I remember once we had to sit there until 1 a.m. as the mob milled around outside, all the time Pop worrying about his Studebaker. We finally walked out a side exit and encountered a large, hostile crowd. Pop just picked out the guy with the loudest mouth and invited (invited?) him to shut up. Then we calmly climbed in the car and drove off. At least he was calm.

We always hated to go to Gadsden, Ala. The people were nasty, the arena was a junk pile and there were no showers. The wrestlers had to take spit baths in the men's room, treatment even Class D baseball players do not get. Pop was champion and thus had a \$50 guarantee, but the other boys usually had to settle for the \$15 to \$20 minimum. I was kept pretty busy. First I counted the house (you could do that in the weed patch towns) to make sure the promoter did not pull anything on the old man at payoff time. I had to guard the men's room door while he was cleaning up and then run out and guard the Studebaker.

After an unruly main event in Gadsden near summer's end, he was leaving the ring amid flying insults and flying chairs. Two or three teen-agers were giving him a particularly bad time, and he looked over at the dressing room door and saw me peeking out, enjoying the rhubarb from a safe distance. He beckoned me out. He, a former weight lifter who had pressed 270 pounds, snatched 260 and clean and jerked 330, was calling out his arms-like-garden-hoses son to protect the family honor. Reluctantly I went, wondering why the hell I had not been born to a hod carrier. I challenged the leading heckler to come down from the stands and fight me—which should have been an easy assignment for him, but a peace officer burst out of the crowd just then and grabbed my arm, apparently thinking I was causing the hassle. Pop grabbed my other garden hose and dragged both me and the sputtering officer into the dressing room. It took an

continued

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THE THING continued

hour's argument, a phone call from the head booker in Nashville and some phony flattery to keep the Jarcases out of the Gadsden jailhouse. And when we got to the car, the serial had been bent in half (it was not as tough as my father's ears). We never went back to Gadsden, but I'll always remember that night as the most exciting since Gorgeous George gave me a gold-plated "George" bobby pin and swore me into his fan club.

The best melee of all was in lovely Kingsport, jewel of northeast Tennessee. I was in the head's dressing room (heels always seemed to be the funniest storytellers) when someone stuck his head in the door and said, "Riot!" The dressing rooms were on either side of an unused stage, and when we ran to the curtains we saw Pop fighting his way to the far doors with the aid of a couple of cops. The crowd was in a nasty mood—which was typical. Three or four of us sprinted the long way around the side hallway to the front doors, but by the time we got there Pop had realized he was going in the wrong direction and had started back through the howling mob to the stage.

We raced back down the side hallway, bounded up the steps and saw that the policemen were busy knocking free-breathing fans off the stage. Brother Frank was lying face down on the floor of the stage, not moving a muscle, as what seemed like the entire population of northeast Tennessee tried to reach him for one last swing or kick. Finally the cops quieted the crowd, which must have thought the old man was dead or dying. The curtains were drawn, and I waited for the wail of an ambulance, for surely Pop was in need of medical aid. But the sly possum suddenly jumped to his feet, not a mark on him, and strode into the dressing room with a sinister grin on his face, basking in the hatred of the fans and confident that next week there would be a packed house.

How many people showed up or what foul deeds Pop perpetrated I don't know, because I returned that week to college for my sophomore year, which turned out to be awfully dull somehow.

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Basketball's Week

by MERVIN HYMAN

THE NCAA

The NCAA tournament was down to four teams. KENTUCKY, DUKE, TEXAS WESTERN and UTAH will gather in College Park, Md. next weekend to decide the national championship (page 22). In games last Friday and Saturday, Kentucky beat Dayton 86-79 and Michigan 84-77 in Iowa City. Duke defeated St. Joseph's 76-74 and Syracuse 91-81 in Raleigh. Texas Western edged Cincinnati 78-76 and Kansas 81-80 in double overtime in Lubbock. Utah took Pacific 83-74 and Oregon State 70-64 in Los Angeles.

THE NIT

New York's National Invitation Tournament, heading for a showdown in Madison Square Garden next Saturday afternoon, had some impatient teams. The six who made it through the opening round could hardly wait to get at top-seeded Brigham Young and second-seeded Wichita State, who played for the first time in the quarter-finals Monday night.

What looked like a breeze for TEMPLE, however, turned into a fight for survival once Virginia Tech got over its rustiness. Tech had not played in almost three weeks, and the inactivity showed. While the Owl's 3-2 defense frustrated the Gobblers, sophomore Clarence Brookins filled in arching jumpers. Jim Williams, a lanky 6-foot-8 center, muscled Tech's 6-foot-11 Bob King out of the way to grab rebounds, and Temple led 54-29 at half time. Then, too late, the Gobblers came alive. Glen Combs, a long-range shooter, began bombing and, with 1:21 to go, the Owl's head was down to seven points. But Brookins, who scored 29, led an eight-point tear, and Temple won 88-73. "I guess we got rich a little too fast," said the Owl's Harry Litwak.

DePaul's trouble against NYU was that a never did get rich. Coach Ray Meyer, who rarely loses his equanimity, winched on the bench like a wounded bear as he watched his team get whistled right out of the tournament. Meyer's two big men, 6-foot-10 Dave Mulls and 6-foot-5 Errol Palmer, both fouled out in the first 4½ minutes of the second half. Even so, the Blue Demons made a scrap of it. With Oon Swanson shooting in 29 points and Tom Meyer, the coach's son, getting 16, they took the Violets right down to the wire. But DePaul could not handle NYU's sly Mal Graham. He slipped away from his defenders for 30 points, and the Violets hung on to win 68-65. "I could say we got

bused," said Meyer philosophically, "but what difference would it make? The score is still the same."

Two other New York teams did not fare nearly as well as NYU. In a replay of last year's NIT final, defending champion St. John's lost to vastly improved VILLANOVA 63-61. This time, Villanova's Billy Melchioni was healthy. Despite double-teams, pestering defenders and an understandable attack of weariness, he had even the grim Redmen admiring his skills. An artful dribbler and feeder, Melchioni span away from his tormentors to flip in jump shots, drove for layups and, when the occasion arose, passed off beautifully. He scored 33 points, but still St. John's nearly pulled out the game. The Redmen, coming with a rush at the end, had a chance to tie with 16 seconds to go. But sophomore Rudy Begard missed the first shot of a one-and-one foul, and time ran out.

It was hand-to-hand combat and every man for himself when Army and Manhattan tangled. A karate expert would have envied their style. But in the end the Jaspers came away a bruised loser. They outbouted the tough Cadets 33 to 27, lost four players to Army's two and went down 71-66. In between whistles, the Cadets' Bill



HAPPY FOOTERS bear-hug Kentucky Wesleyan's Sam Smith, NCAA college-basketball tournament's MVP, after win at Eastville.

Hefner threw in 27 points, Bill Schutsky 16 and Dick Murray 13. That and some pressure foul-shooting in the last two minutes (seven out of 10) held off the ruffled Jaspers.

Penn State threw up a tight 2-3 zone defense against SAN FRANCISCO, and for a while Carver Clinon's exciting shooting (he got 26 points) kept the Nittany Lions in the game. But the patient Ooms eventually cracked the zone and stopped Clinon. Maneuvering with slick patterns and sharp passes, backcourtiers Russ Gumina and Larry Blum found the free man, usually 6-foot-8 Erwin Mueller underneath, and fed him. Mueller, a robust rebounder with a soft touch, poured in 31 points and picked off 19 rebounds. Centerman Joe Ellis and Dennis Black shared 35 more, and San Francisco won 89-77.

It was not quite that easy for BOSTON COLLEGE. The Eagles had to go through three overtime periods before they caught Louisville 96-90. What started out to be a personal show for Boston's good sophomore, Steve Adelman, who put in 22 points on long and medium jumpers in the first half—he got 32 points in all—turned out to be a showcase for Westley Unseld, Louisville's 6-foot-8 sophomore center. Smart, agile and deft, Unseld led the Eagles a merry chase. Operating mostly off a high post, he rolled around the shorter Adelman for layups and swept the boards. With 10:30 to go, Unseld had the Cards ahead 60-53, and Boston College was dragging its heels. Then Guard Ed Heckenbury got a hot hand. He ran off 11 points, the last two on a driving layup that just trickled in at the buzzer, to tie the score at 74-74. After two overtimes the score was still deadlocked, but then Unseld, who had scored 35 points and picked off 26 rebounds, fouled out. Doug Hise led the Eagles on a 7-2 spree, and they won the game. But everybody was talking about Unseld. "He has one weakness," said Louisville's Peck Hickman. "He doesn't have a hook shot." Boston College's Bob Cousy was thankful for that.

THE SMALL COLLEGES

The small colleges also were busy settling their championships. In Kansas City, the NAIA tournament must have seemed more like an endurance test than a sporting event to the fans who crowded Municipal Auditorium for the 32-team, six-day eliminations. For the first three days, basketballs began thumping loudly at 9:30 a.m., admittedly a gruesome hour for the sportsman who had spent the previous night visiting Kansas City's numerous à-go-go girle joints. But the night people, salesmen stealing time from their bosses, youngsters playing hooky and just plain basketball buffs came early and stayed late to watch the fun and games.

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BASKETBALL'S WEEK continued

By Saturday night the tournament was down to two teams. In the semifinals, **GEORGIA SOUTHERN**, a shuffling-style squad, had survived Nerflok State's run-and-gun game to beat the Spartans 89-88 on Jimmy Rose's little jump shot with nine seconds to go, while **OKLAHOMA BAPTIST** had battered Grantling 94-80. In the final, Georgia Southern had the Baptists down by nine points in the first half. Then Al Tucker (his dad, Al Sr., is a former Harlem Globetrotter), a spindly 6-foot-8 junior center who wears odd-style gloves and shoots like Walt Chamberlain, and his sidekick, R. B. Lynam, got going. Tucker, who had scored 141 points in four earlier games, shot from medium and long range, fed off a high post, ball-handled and rebounded the Eagles nearly to death. He hit 11 of 12 shots in the second half, 17 of 22 in the game and scored 41 points. Lynam made 12 of 15, scored 25 points and Oklahoma Baptist won the NAIA 88-59. "We just shot like crazy," explained Coach Bob Bass.

The NCAA college-division tournament in Evansville, Ind., had an unusual look. For the first time in four years, Evansville's own Purple Aces were not among the eight quarterfinalists. They had been knocked out earlier by **SOUTHERN ILLINOIS**, the nation's No. 3 small-college team, in the regional playoffs, and Evansville visitors were greeted by plans for revenge. A sign in one shop, for instance, implored, "Somebody beat Southern. We couldn't." Indeed, Southern Illinois was so highly regarded that LIU Coach Roy Rubin, whose team had lost to Akron 74-68 on the first day, exclaimed, "Small college! It's a joke. They could play anybody in the country."

The Salukis did look unbeatable as they trounced Fresno State 91-70 and then whipped second-ranked North Dakota 69-61. Meanwhile, unranked **KENTUCKY WESTLEYAN**, a little Methodist-affiliated school whose 879 students would not even fill some of the lecture halls on Southern Illinois' sprawling campus in Carbondale, was winning, too. The Panthers beat Central Connecticut 84-76 and then trampled Akron 105-75 in the semifinals. But they had lost twice to Southern Illinois during the regular season and did not figure to beat the Salukis this time either. Kentucky Wesleyan, however, went after Southern with a pesky zone late in the first half and made the Salukis work hard for their shots. Little All-America Guard George McNeil was held to a mere six points, and the two teams were tied 51-51 with 1½ minutes to play. Then the Panthers stalled until Sam Smith, a sturdy 6-foot-7 center, got himself loose. He hooked in a shot, George Tansley added a free throw and Kentucky Wesleyan won the championship 54-51. "We were just too cautious," complained Saluki Coach Jack Hartman.

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and a walnut-trimmed instrument panel and steering wheel as standard fittings. (Plus front and rear seat belts—be sure to use them.) Underneath it all, of course, it's pure Pontiac. Which means a velvety Wide-Track ride and V-8's up to 376 hp. So if you're moved by our picture down there, wait until you twist the key on the real thing!

WIDE-TRACK PONTIAC '66



For Yankees, for Yale and for Soose

by FRANK GRAHAM JR.

It occurred to me only afterward that my boyhood interest in sports was something special. Many of my classmates knew as much about the spectator sports as I did, but their interest was pure and spontaneous, having been kindled by faces on chewing-gum cards or a few dimly remembered words once spoken by an elder. Mine was inherited, a bread-and-butter passion, you might say.

As the son of a sportswriter, I was somewhat grudgingly accorded the status of an anorak, and my word was readily accepted by at least one of the parties in any dispute. Like a clergyman's child, I was thought to have a direct link with an empyrean world. This distinction forced me to follow my subject more closely than even my bloodlines demanded and led to a certain amount of hero worship.

I did not accept my heritage at once. Sitting beside my father in the press box at Ebbets Field, I felt myself a prisoner, knowing that there were llamas and monkeys to be seen in the zoo at nearby Prospect Park. Talk about a person I understood to be named Ray Bruth held no interest for me. But a trip to the Yankees' spring training camp in St. Petersburg when I was 7 set me straight. Dixie Walker, then a Yankee rookie, played with me on the beach, and Coach Arthur Fletcher gave me a ball. I became a baseball fan.

At the time Babe Ruth was the most famous Yankee, but with a child's unpredictability I settled on Lou Gehrig as my hero. More fortunate than the average small boy who had a hero, I badgered my father to get me an autographed picture of Gehrig, and it hung over my bed for years. Later I had a picture taken with Gehrig, and that, too, went up on the wall. But most important of all was an old glove that Lou once gave my father to take home to me. Word of my prize spread through the neighborhood, and presently I was invited to join a celebrated local team, composed of other 12-year-olds, called the Wykagyl Wackers.

My glove and I were assigned to first base. Under the delusion that the glove, like Zeus's shield, imparted certain powers to its bearer, the manager went so far as to write my name into the cleanup slot in his batting order. One game served to relieve him of that delusion, and I was demoted to a slot more in keeping with my earnest poke-hitting. But I did cling to my job at first base until the Wykagyl Wackers outgrew their uniforms and the team was disbanded.

Meanwhile, there were thrills for me that were beyond the reach of my teammates. A trip to Yankee Stadium meant more than a ball game; it was also a chance to sit unobtrusively on the bench beside one of my idols.

There was always a stop in the manager's office for a chat with Joe McCarthy. Capless, seldom smiling unless he was recalling an incident that had taken place in the minor leagues years before, McCarthy leaned back in his chair and talked. One day Oscar Vitt, who managed the Yankees' farm team in Newark, joined the group in McCarthy's office.

"How's this kid Joe Gordon?" McCarthy asked him.

"Wait till you get a look at him, Joe," Vitt said. "He's going to be the greatest second baseman you ever saw."

Treasuring this inside information, I could hardly wait for Gordon's arrival at the Stadium. When he broke into the Yankees' lineup the next year he immediately became, for me, the greatest second baseman who ever lived.

It is not to my credit that I was relieved to see an old favorite, Tony Lazzeri, depart to make room for Gordon. Tony, you see, made me uneasy. It dated from an afternoon when I was sitting on the Yankees' bench as batting practice got underway.

Suddenly Lazzeri stopped and blocked my view of the field. "How'd you like to suit up and shag some flies out there?" he was asking me.

I was too stunned to answer. Tony stood there looking down at me, his great broad face something like the faces you see on the posters that bob up and down in those newsreel shots of Chinese Communist rallies; but it was sadder. "I'll get a bat boy's uniform for you," he said.

"No," I said, shaking my head stubbornly. I had a frightening vision: being hit on the head by a fly ball and carried off the field. Dreams of glory are seldom spun by a pessimist.

"Whatsa matter?" Tony persisted. "Don't you like baseball?"

"I like baseball," I assured him.

"Then why don't you wanta get out there and shag a few?"

I certainly was not going to tell him. I simply shook my head, and that was that. After a few moments Lazzeri, looking sadder than ever, gave up and went away. But once in a while he would see me at the Stadium and he would ask

me, teasing, if I would like "to shag a few." That was why his departure from the Yankees did not leave me wholly desolate.

It was about this time that I began to be excited by football. Sometimes on Saturday my family packed a picnic lunch and drove up to New Haven to watch Yale play in the Bowl. Larry Kelley was at Yale then, and so was Clint Frank. Frank became my football hero. I had read a story about him in a Sunday newspaper supplement, and he seemed to be a player I could identify with: quiet, an earnest student and afflicted with weak eyes, so that he had to wear glasses off the field. I hadn't started wearing glasses then, but I suspected that before long somebody would notice my squint and I would be fitted for ignominy. Soon Frank's picture, autographed to me, went up on my wall beside Gehrig's.

Gehrig and Frank were my earliest heroes but, though I could claim with some degree of truth to be their "friend," our relationships remained in the standard pattern of small boy to his hero. It was when I was 16 that I achieved the supreme thrill of joining an athlete's entourage. The athlete was Billy Soose, the middleweight champion of the world.

Soose had been brought east by Paul Moss, a friend of my father. Soose quickly rose to the top of the middleweight division, beating both Ken Overlin, who was recognized as world champion in New York State, and Tony Zale, the NBA champion, in nontitle bouts. In April 1941 Soose beat Overlin in Madison Square Garden for his share of the championship. At the celebration afterward Moss asked me if I would like to

continued



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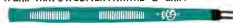


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For Yankees continued

spend the summer helping to convert a Pennsylvania farm into a training camp.

Yes, I said I would like to. One day in June I drove up there with Moss and two boys about my own age, Soose's brother and Moss's nephew. It was an exhilarating summer. In the mornings we did roadwork with Billy (shadowboxing and snoring down the dirt road in the wake of our elders), and later we helped to build a training ring there.

We kids later became a more active part of the drama. When the ring was completed, Soose and his sparring partners worked out there every day, and the public was admitted for a small charge. It was our job to carry down the punching bags and generally get things into shape before the fighters appeared. Then Moss had an idea. Why not have the boys entertain the early crowd with boxing exhibitions of their own? Reluctantly, we climbed into the ring, but before long we were slugging each other with a good deal more spirit than effectiveness.

I began to look forward to those exhibition bouts, not only because I hoped to make an impression on the crowd, but also because I thought that after enough of them I would develop a dented nose of my own. I looked on a battered nose as a badge of honor and coveted one as ardently as a Heidelberg student might hope for a dueling scar. (Fritzle Zivic's nose, for instance, was a classic—a fantastically twisted peanut bracketed to his face. It was a model to shoot for.) For a while I adopted an aggressive chin-out style in the ring. Then I began to have headaches, and I'd wake up at night and think, "Suppose I got punched or something," and I quickly returned to the jab-and-run tactics for which I was temperamentally suited.

That fall I returned to school with a dented luster. I was a friend of the champ's and apparently an expert to be reckoned with, whether in discussion or otherwise. But before the year was out Soose gave up his title and entered the Navy as a lieutenant. I followed him into the Navy soon afterward (as an apprentice seaman), and then I was in college and *Heroes and Hero Worship* was only the name of a book on the library shelf.

Around the house today I sometimes come across a picture of an old first baseman's mitt and I remember things that gladdened my boyhood. But my nose remains as straight as if sporting blood had never coursed through my veins. **END**

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

THE HARD WAY

Sirs:

I've just read your article on Jimmy Jacobs (*Really the Greatest*, March 7). Good luck to the Boy Wonder as his fight against Mr. Emotion. May his control system ever triumph over the likes of Mr. Right and Mr. Left. His stock of old comic books should provide much amusement in his old age—that is, if he ever grows up.

JOHN R. O'ROURKE

Syracuse, N.Y.

Sirs:

I thought I had been carefully schooled in the rules for handball greatness.

- 1) Be a braggart—especially off court.
 - 2) Be a debater—particularly on hinders and shadow balls.
 - 3) Hit the ball—incidental to playing.
- Your article on Jim Jacobs added another: Read *Barnes*.

E. H. STARR

Wayne, Pa.

Sirs:

The title, *Really the Greatest*, prompted this letter, because Jimmy has to reign supreme for a good many more years before he comes close to the record set by my father, Charlie Baker.

From the age of 28 until he was 48 my father was never defeated. What is more, he played the original game with a ball the size of a golf ball and made like a baseball—leather covered, hand stitched and hard!

Old-time handball players dodged the use of gloves as detracting from the proper "feel" and finesse for a properly played shot. It was always necessary to put the hands in very hot water before playing, in order to get swelling and blood circulation—otherwise, a bone bruise would be a certainty.

Not are the speeds of the two games comparable. If you drop a hard handball and a rubber handball on the floor, the rubber ball bounces higher. But if they are both propelled against a cement wall with great speed, the rebound of the rubber ball is limited by the degree of its compressibility, whereas the rebound speed of the hard ball depends almost entirely on the speed with which it is hit into the wall. Champion players could make it come off the front wall like a bullet. In the four-wall handball game, placements, the "kill" and "English" on the ball were more important, and skillful serves aimed at the back corner produced aces not possible in the rubber-ball game.

To finish up about my father, he also won the Illinois State tennis title at age 17 and a year later met Bill Larned in the quarter-finals of the Nationals. Dad beat Larned one set and was leading in the second when

he suffered a stroke and had to default. Dad was also national checkers champion.

CHARLES J. BAKER

Washington

Sirs:

At one time, during the late '20s and early '30s, San Francisco could boast more handball courts (four-wall, three-wall, one-wall, sides of buildings, warehouses, fire stations, garages, Chinese laundries, etc.) than any other city in the world. Had Jimmy Jacobs been around there then he would have had to play against Al Benuet (pronounced Ban-yu-yi) who was really the greatest. Al could have spotted Jacobs from three to seven points, given Jimmy the first serve, played to only 15 points and won.

BURN FIELDS

Las Vegas

TWO EARS AND A TALE

Sirs:

Liz Smith rates an *Ole!* along with two ears and a tail: sheaves are no longer cut in Spain, your SPCA readers will be happy to learn) for her entertaining article, *No Blood, Some Tears, A Scent of Mouse* (March 7).

But the "bloodless" bullfights in Houston were not without fault. Bullfighting is an art which was meant to be seen and understood in its entirety. If any part is omitted for any reason, legal or otherwise, it becomes almost a farce. Pop art is interesting and fun, but it is never true art. That a good matador (he is not the best, by a long shot) like Paco Camino would appear is not so strange, when one considers his \$100,000 salary. Antonio Ordóñez, on the other hand, who is the world's greatest bullfighter in style and classic form, was not present.

Miss Smith was guilty of one or two incorrect statements in her article. Soccer is no longer in Spain's top attraction. The arrival of El Cordobes have, at least, returned bullfighting to the top in attendance and interest. Furthermore, the bloodless *corridos* of Las Vegas last year were not the first in this country. In the 1920s similar exhibitions were held at Coney Island.

Miss Smith also said that the banderillas "disorient" the bull. Incorrect. The purpose of "the darts" is, on the contrary, to orient the bull, to correct some of the deficiencies of his charge, as well as to weaken the neck muscles. But all in all, she earned her *Ole!*

JEROME LYONS

New York City

Sirs:

Mr. Smith's article on Houston's *corridos* *matineos* made interesting reading, but it was misleading in that Texans did not, as

she said, see as many excellent matadors as would be seen in a Mexican plaza all season. That same weekend I saw, during the annual bullfight festival in Guadalajara, three of the top 10 Spanish matadors for 1965 (El Peco, El Vito and Jaime Rojas) and at least four Mexicans (Manuel Capellán, Raúl García, Alfredo León and Jaime Rangel) who are far higher rated than the border town hotshots who appeared in Houston. Matadors like Jaime Bravo can't even get on the card in Mexico City, Guadalajara and other major plazas in the interior. And as for *matineos*, Guadalajara had only one to Houston's four, but that one was Carlos Arana, one of the greatest all-time *toreros*.

Paco Camino was the only real *figura* at Houston, but not many aficionados in Spain or Mexico would any longer rate him as *Numero Uno*. He's still young, but he's already considered past his peak.

ROBERT C. GILKEY

Honolulu

ON THE ROCKS

Sirs:

May I add to the distastes that will undoubtedly greet Mr. Tom C. Brady's article on women's curling, *Belly Whopper to a Taste of Win* (Feb. 28)? If I were one of the ladies from St. Paul, I would arrange for a meeting in a dark alley with the writer. They are the rank members who are portrayed as the "outsiders" with their serious approach to an ancient and convivial sport. I wonder how long it will be before they flop their way through another borspel.

I am not a lady curler! But I qualify as an expert spectator by virtue of my husband's avid interest and participation in the game. Curling is primarily a *sexual* sport! It was conceived for enjoyment and fraternizing equally as much as for athletic prowess. Years ago the winners of a borspel almost "apologized" when accepting their medals or trophies. A recent back injury has kept me off the ice, but I would undoubtedly be *persona non grata* anyway, because I have a strong tendency to play games to win.

J. S. BAIZER

New York City

Sirs:

I have not had such a laugh in a long time—being an old curler myself from way up in northeastern Ontario. I curled for 14 years as skip, and curling is the one thing I miss here in California.

The article is written so beautifully and with such crackling humor I most thoroughly enjoyed it. Every "draw play" and "whang-bang" I saw in my mind's eye. Such terms are a joy to see and certainly give the game a great lift and make it even more exciting.

continued

True or false?

Can you pick all 9 true statements in this quiz?

(No time limit—but no help from your spouse or a 12-year-old boy who happens to know everything.)

1. ☐ T ☐ F Coca-Cola and Pepsi are the two best known trademarks in the world. If you think it's true, check the space under "T."
2. ☐ T ☐ F Ford is one of the largest manufacturers of vinyls. In addition to car upholstery, Ford vinyls are used for furniture, wall coverings and sporting goods.
3. ☐ T ☐ F We manufacture both color and black and white TV sets, refrigerators, radios, automatic washers and dryers, air conditioners, phonographs, ranges and home freezers. (Need extra help on this one? Philco Corporation is a Ford subsidiary.)
4. ☐ T ☐ F Our Philco scientists have developed an electronic print reader that can read 15,000 words a minute. (That's about one novel every 10 minutes.)
5. ☐ T ☐ F The planet Mars was approximately 134 million miles from Earth when Mariner IV passed it in midsummer 1965. The first pictures ever taken of Mars were relayed from Mariner IV by a Philco-built antenna from a distance of 150 million miles. True or false?
6. ☐ T ☐ F The trend in women's fashions is to shorter skirts. Ford of Paris has created a new collection of sports car clothes for Mustang-minded women.
7. ☐ T ☐ F In order to track satellites moving through space at 17,500 miles per hour—Ford's Philco subsidiary has built some of the world's largest antennas that move in 2 directions at one time.
8. ☐ T ☐ F Most of the major safety devices on today's cars were pioneered by Ford. These include seat belts, safety glass, padded instrument panels, deep-dish steering wheels and safety door locks.
9. ☐ T ☐ F American astronauts traveled more than 3 million miles in their historic flight last August. Ford's Philco scientists designed and provided most of the equipment for Gemini Control at NASA's Mission Control Center, Houston, Texas.
10. ☐ T ☐ F On an average day, U.S. Post Office Department handles more than 200 million letters and packages. Zip-coding speeds delivery. Ford's Philco subsidiary has developed a machine that can read 36,000 zip-coded addresses an hour.
11. ☐ T ☐ F Ford manufactures the following cars in the United States: Mustang, Bronco, Falcon, Fairlane, Ford, Comet, Stutz Bearcat, Mercury, Thunderbird and Lincoln Continental.

False: Numbers 6 and 11. We don't make Paris fashions yet—but give us time. And the nearest thing we make to a "Bearcat" is our wild little pony—Mustang.



TITLEIST

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What's so hot is what's popular.
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Tournament	Playing Tournament	Current Course	Use Exit
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SAN DIEGO	47	33	
BING CROSBY	129	54	
LUCKY OPEN	30	26	
PALM SPRINGS	211	99	
PHOENIX OPEN	60	33	
TUCSON OPEN	72	27	
PGA SENIORS	220	57	
PEBBLE BEACH	54	25	
TOTAL	963	407	



19TH HOLE continued

and, as in all amateur sports, spur one on to greater ambitions for the next year.

LOUISE ROSS

La Jolla, Calif.

Sirs:

Your word picture of women's curling is a gross misconception of a grand old game. We in the Midwest feel that you have done us a great disservice. We women curlers do not strive for "elegance," as Mr. Brody implies—we strive for excellence. The use of the words "social" and "socializing" and the reference to "sipping a Bloody Mary before 9 a.m." certainly place an emphasis that cannot be justified.

The very first sentence of the article is perhaps further from the truth than any other. Curling, like most sports, is a great leveler of people. When women take to the ice, their backgrounds or bankrolls are of little consequence. The only thing of consequence is their ability. Curling enthusiasts come from all walks of life—some from small midwestern farms, some from the executive suites of large eastern corporations. If a "chic Easterner" said, "Oh my, they're so serious," I can only say if you're playing in the finals of a first event in a national tournament you had better be serious. Mrs. Taylor had four women who devoted hours to practicing the game and concentrating on a style of play that could win the national title. She came to the tournament with one purpose—to win—as I am sure all 128 women did.

MRS. T. A. BRUETT

Past President,

U.S. Women's Curling Assn.

Wauwatosa, Wis.

Sirs:

Is there any journalistic excuse for such an "inelegant" article?

MARY M. DUGAN

Glenoc, Ill.

ORANGEMEN

Sirs:

As one who has skied with a group in Sestriere three times and who has always stayed at the Duca d'Aosta, I thoroughly enjoyed your article, *The Mocker Moose Olympics* (SI, Feb. 28). It reminded me of our FIS competition, First In Sestrianians.

However, without discrediting our Olympic gold medal winner, Jean Saubert, let me point out that Skitski's Club, of which I am president, is the originator of Sestriere's Orange Rolling Derby. At Skitski's Club this derby was a nightly affair, winner take all—usually a pot of 53 marmaladed oranges and 5,000 lire. We even have pictures to prove it.

As skiers, we can never compete with Miss Saubert, as rollers, we challenge anyone.

LEE CHERILM

Malden, Mass.

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